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# CHILD LIFE

*The Children's Own Magazine*

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Publishers



“There is only **ONE** CREAM of WHEAT”

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# Crimes We Unknowingly Commit Against Our Children



**T**HOUSANDS of loving parents are daily unconsciously using methods in bringing up their children which can easily destroy for life their chance of happiness and success. And the pitiful part of

it is that these parents do not realize the irreparable harm they are doing.

Character is not born but builded. You as a parent are the architect of your child's character—the constructor of its future career, for upon character depends success. Abraham Lincoln, perhaps our greatest American, once said: "All that I am and all that I ever hope to be I owe to my mother." Great men before and since Lincoln have said the same thing—and how truly they spoke!

The trouble always has been that we never have given any really scientific study to the question of child training—we have not searched for the cause of disobedience, the cause of wilfulness, the cause of untruthfulness, and for other symptoms which if not treated in the right way, may lead to dire consequences. Instead, we punish the child for exhibiting the bad trait, or else "let it go." As a result, we do the child an actual wrong instead of helping it. What we should do is to attack the trouble at its source.

The new system of child training is founded upon the principle that confidence is the basis of control. And the five fundamental principles involved are: suggestion, substitution in choice, parental initiative in co-operation, parental expectation and parental approval.

Under this new system children who have been wellnigh unmanageable become obedient and willing, and such traits as bashfulness, jealousy, fear, bragging, etc., are overcome. But the system goes deeper than that, for it instills high ideals and builds character which is of course the goal of all parents' efforts in child training.

Physical punishment, shouted commands, and other barbarous relics of the old system have no place in this modern school. Children are made comrades, not slaves, are helped, not punished. And the results are nothing short of marvelous.

Instead of a hardship child training becomes a genuine pleasure, as the parent shares every confidence, every joy and every sorrow of the child, and at the same time has its unqualified respect. This is a situation rarely possible under old training methods.

## WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW HOW—

to instruct children in the delicate matters of sex?  
to always obtain cheerful obedience?  
to correct mistakes of early training?  
to win confidence of children?  
to keep child from crying?  
to suppress temper in children without punishment?  
to discourage the "Why" habit in regard to commands?  
to train child in neatness and order?  
to prevent quarreling and fighting?  
to cultivate ideal temperament?  
to deal with supersensitive child?  
to cure impertinence? Discourtesy? Vulgarity?  
to deal with boy who is a bully? A braggart?  
to remove fear of darkness? Fear of thunder and lightning? Fear of harmless animals?  
to encourage child to talk?  
to eliminate all forms of viciousness?  
to teach punctuality? Perseverance? Carefulness?  
to teach instantly to comply with command "Don't touch"?  
to inculcate respect for elders?  
to overcome obstinacy?  
to cure habit of coaxing?  
to cultivate mental concentration?  
to engender interest in work or study?  
to combat various juvenile temptations?  
to teach honesty and truthfulness?  
to cultivate cleanness of speech and thought?  
to break child of sucking thumb?  
to prevent fickleness? Jealousy? Selfishness?

And what a source of pride now as well as in after years. To have children whose every action shows culture and refinement, perfect little gentlemen and gentlewomen, yet full of childish enthusiasm and spontaneity with all!

To put in practice these new ideas in child training, strange as it may seem, takes less time than the old method. It is simply a question of applying principles founded on a scientific study of human nature, going at it in such a way as to get immediate results without friction.

The founder of this new system is Prof. Ray C. Beery, A.B., M.A., (Harvard and Columbia), who has written a complete course in Practical Child Training. This course is based on Professor Beery's extensive investigations and wide practical experience, and provides a well worked out plan which the parent can easily follow. The Parents' Association, a national organization devoted to improving the methods of child training, has adopted the Beery system and is teaching the course to its members by mail.

## An Invitation to Join

At this time an invitation is being extended to earnest fathers and mothers who would like to join the Association and learn the methods which are proving so universally successful with children of all ages from babyhood to man- and womanhood.

Membership in the Parents' Association—

which has no dues—entitles you to a complete course of lessons in child training by Professor Beery, in four handsome volumes of approximately 275 pages each. This course of lessons must not be confused with the hundreds of books on child training which leave the reader in the dark because of vagueness and lack of definite and practical applications of the principle laid down. It does not deal in glittering generalities. Instead, it shows by concrete illustrations and detailed explanations exactly what to do to meet every emergency and how to accomplish immediate results and make a permanent impression. No matter whether your child is still in the cradle or is eighteen years old, these books will show how to apply the right methods at once. You merely take up the particular trait, turn to the proper page, and apply the lesson to the child. You are told exactly what to do. The younger the child the better. You cannot begin too soon, for the child's behavior in the first few years of life depends on the parent, not on the child.

Of course, before becoming a member of the Parents' Association you want to know all about it—and the great constructive help that it is giving to 30,000 other members. So we have prepared a little booklet describing fully the work of this organization and the new method in child training.

## Send No Money

We shall be glad to send you free of charge our new booklet "New Methods in Child Training," together with full particulars of the work of the Association and the special benefits it offers to members at an expense which is trifling as compared with the remarkable results to be secured.

For the sake of your children, and for your own sake, write for this free booklet now before you lay this magazine aside.

If this booklet answers only a few of the questions that have perplexed you, you will be glad that you sent for it—and it may open to you undreamed of possibilities of successful parenthood. And it is only a matter of sending the coupon or a post card.



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PUBLISHED MONTHLY

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## JOY GIVERS' CLUB

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## WING LAND

LET'S SAIL and sing  
Like birds on the wing  
O'er foamy fairy seas  
Till our Child Life band  
Reaches Fairyland  
On the earliest springtime breeze.

The robins' first note  
Is our signal to float  
And our pilots no orders receive,  
For all children know  
The best way to go  
To the Elfland of Make-Believe.

And when we alight  
On its borders so bright  
The fairy queens all stand in line,  
And place in each hand  
Of our joy-loving band  
A wand and some rose-petal wine.

Then the fairies prepare  
A banquet most rare,  
Spread daintily out by the sea;  
They bear on their wings  
The toothsomest things—  
Candied lilies and peach-blow tea.

As soon as we eat  
Of their exquisite treat  
Entranced through their gardens we roam;  
When we've flitted for hours  
Through their castles and towers  
They give us new wings to fly home.

*Rose Waldo, editor.*







## FINDING FAIRIES

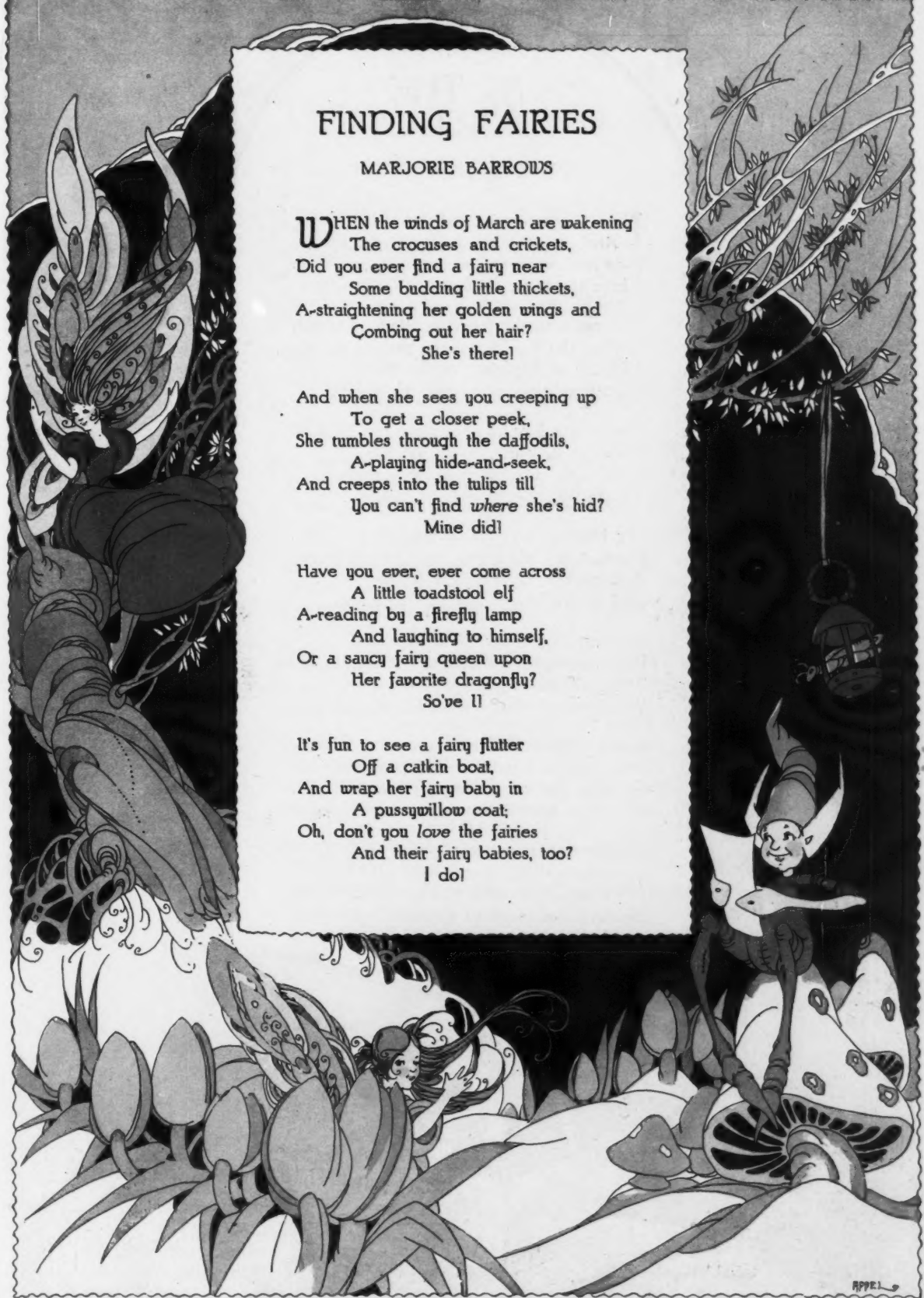
MARJORIE BARROWS

WHEN the winds of March are wakening  
The crocuses and crickets,  
Did you ever find a fairy near  
Some budding little thickets,  
A-straightening her golden wings and  
Combing out her hair?  
She's there!

And when she sees you creeping up  
To get a closer peek,  
She tumbles through the daffodils,  
A-playing hide-and-seek,  
And creeps into the tulips till  
You can't find *where* she's hid?  
Mine did!

Have you ever, ever come across  
A little toadstool elf  
A-reading by a firefly lamp  
And laughing to himself,  
Or a saucy fairy queen upon  
Her favorite dragonfly?  
So've I!

It's fun to see a fairy flutter  
Off a catkin boat,  
And wrap her fairy baby in  
A pussywillow coat;  
Oh, don't you *love* the fairies  
And their fairy babies, too?  
I do!



## IN THE LIBRARY

ETHEL MARJORIE KNAPP

I TIPTOE in so carefully  
And, when I speak, I whisper low,  
I do not rattle pages, for  
I love the little fairies so.

The noise might frighten them, you see,  
Within the books, where they're at play,  
And oh! it frightens *me* to think  
That then they all might run away.

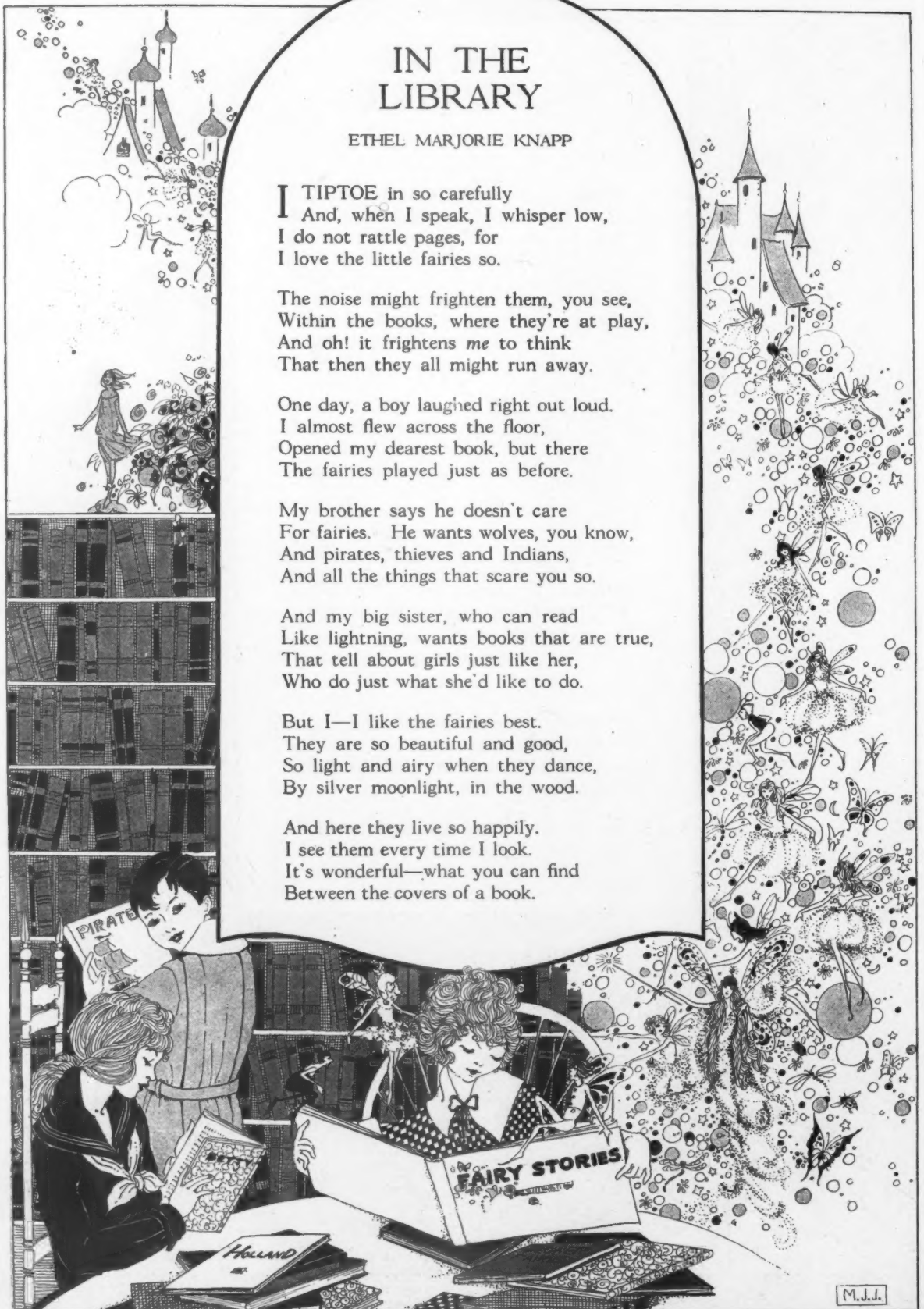
One day, a boy laughed right out loud.  
I almost flew across the floor,  
Opened my dearest book, but there  
The fairies played just as before.

My brother says he doesn't care  
For fairies. He wants wolves, you know,  
And pirates, thieves and Indians,  
And all the things that scare you so.

And my big sister, who can read  
Like lightning, wants books that are true,  
That tell about girls just like her,  
Who do just what she'd like to do.

But I—I like the fairies best.  
They are so beautiful and good,  
So light and airy when they dance,  
By silver moonlight, in the wood.

And here they live so happily.  
I see them every time I look.  
It's wonderful—what you can find  
Between the covers of a book.





## SPRING STYLES FOR FAIRIES

HELEN COWLES LECRON

DAME THISTLEDOWN has hung her  
sign beneath the cherry tree,  
And there she shows her wares, "Spring  
Styles for Fairies; Come and see!"

"Now here's a charming thing," she says.  
"Observe it if you will—

A lovely frock that's fashioned from a yellow  
daffodil!

And here's a standby tried and true; no  
fairy ever gets

A gown that suits her half so well as one of  
violets.

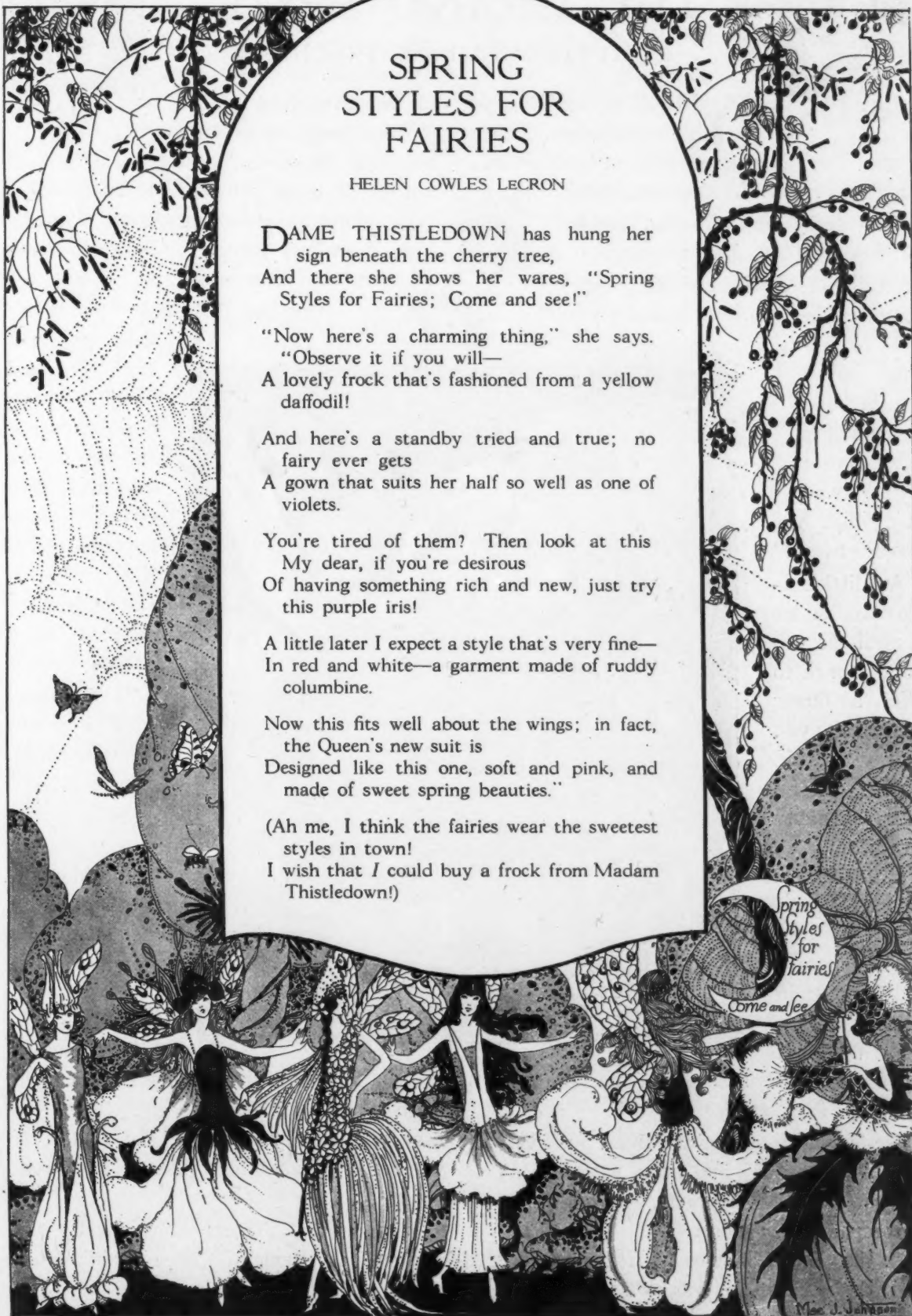
You're tired of them? Then look at this  
My dear, if you're desirous  
Of having something rich and new, just try  
this purple iris!

A little later I expect a style that's very fine—  
In red and white—a garment made of ruddy  
columbine.

Now this fits well about the wings; in fact,  
the Queen's new suit is  
Designed like this one, soft and pink, and  
made of sweet spring beauties."

(Ah me, I think the fairies wear the sweetest  
styles in town!

I wish that I could buy a frock from Madam  
Thistledown!)





## THE GRAND PRIZE

By MYRTLE JAMISON TRACHSEL



**Y**ES," said Fairy Grandmother, "the more you give away, my dear Fee-fee, the more you have."

The little fairy, Fee-fee, nodded brightly and ran away to play.

"Of course," thought she, "Fairy Grandmother has lived many a year and is very wise, but I don't see how you can have more when you give what you have away."

And little Fee-fee never did see it until she was large enough to tend a flower garden. Oh yes, every little flower fairy takes care of her own little patch of wild flowers just as boys and girls take care of their own little corner in mother's garden. Who, but the fairies, *could* take care of the flowers in the deep, deep woods?

Fee-fee had a garden of daisies, and every morning very early and every evening very late she visited her flowers. She fed them dewdrops and supported the long stems when the wind blew strong. If the rain beat them down while she was away she always straightened them up again. Often she talked

to the little daisy plants.

"You must have large beautiful blossoms," she would tell them, "for the Fairy Queen is going to give a grand prize to the best fairy gardener. Won't you help me win that prize?"

And the little daisy plants did their very best. Each one put forth a strong blossom stalk, and in a few days every blossom stalk showed a bud at the tip end. The buds grew larger and larger.

"Oh, oh!" cried Fee-fee, "you will surely win the prize!"

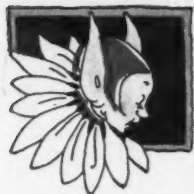
One day the buds showed a bit of white and then, one by one, the long white petals unfolded and showed the daisies' golden

hearts. Fee-fee flitted from one blossom to another, patting them lovingly. "Oh, you beautiful, beautiful things!" she cried, "If only Fairy Grandmother could see how lovely you are!"

She hesitated. "Surely I can spare one blossom," she thought, "since Grandmother cannot come to the garden."

Very carefully she broke the stem of a





large blossom and started gaily off. But on the way she met a thirsty butterfly and offered her the blossom.

"I will run back and get another for Fairy Grandmother," she said as she handed her the daisy.

The butterfly thankfully accepted the gift and little Fee-fee picked a second blossom.

As she did so little fairy Light-foot came by on her way to the fairy ring.

"How I wish I might have a flower to use in my dance!" she sighed.

"You may have one of mine," said little Fee-fee. It made her quite happy to see Light-foot dance gayly away with it.

Fairy Grandmother soon had her blossom and so did old Mrs. Bumble Bee. Fee-fee's flowers appeared on the window sill of the fairy nursery and one brightened the dressing table of the Fairy Queen herself. Soon there was not a flower left in Fee-fee's little garden.

"I have lost the prize," she said, "but my blossoms do make folks so happy."

The sturdy daisy plants looked rather forlorn; there was not one yellow and white

blossom among them. Fee-fee came no more to her little garden.

"She has pulled all of our blossoms," complained one of the little plants.

"But she gave them away to make others happy," said another.

"That is what she did and she lost the prize by doing it," declared a third sturdy plant. "But our roots are strong because



she tended us so carefully and there is yet time. Suppose we surprise her! What do you say?"

"We will! We will!" chorused the daisy plants.

The day came for the awarding of the grand prize. All the fairies met at the Queen's court to see who would be proclaimed the best fairy gardener. The Queen sat upon her throne made of thistle-down and willow switches. And when the rows



and rows of fairies seated on the green grass became quiet, she arose and showed them the grand prize.

What do you think it was?

It was a tiny fairy sleeping garment, as light as the clouds but as warm as the bloom on the peach. Any little flower fairy would have been glad to have such a garment for flower fairies go to sleep in the fall with the

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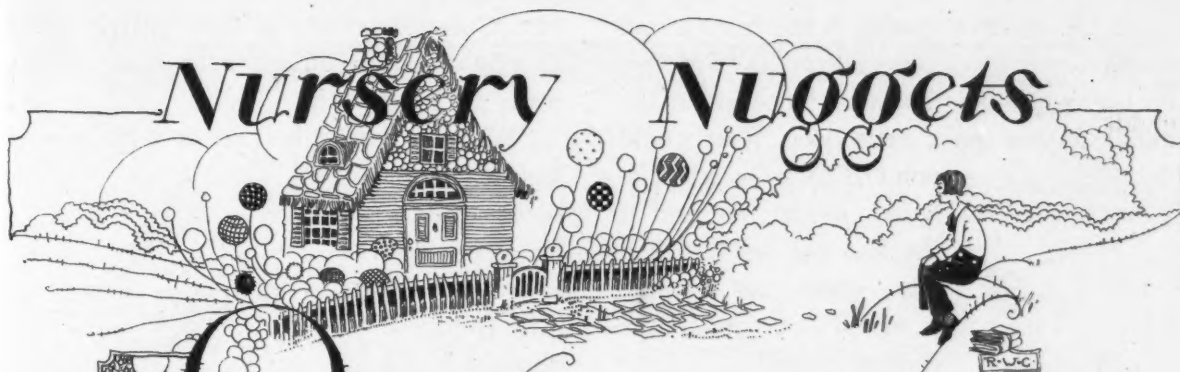


### PUZZLE—FIND THE ROBIN

HELEN HUDSON

COCK ROBIN'S surely come to  
town,  
Don't you hear his cheery call?  
Now let us see who'll be the one  
To spy the robin first of all.

He's O, so very large and fat—  
From eating early worms maybe—  
Look very close—you've guessed it  
right,  
He really must be in that tree.



# Nursery Nuggets

## Old Mrs. Queerie

By JOSEPHINE AVERY BATES

ONCE upon a time there was an old woman and she was not like any other old woman in all the wide world. Everything she did was queer and everything she said was queer and everything she had was queer, so that after awhile she went by the name of Old Mrs. Queerie.

Now Old Mrs. Queerie had the queerest little house and the queerest little garden and the queerest little way about everything she did, so that all the children, from far and near, were always teasing to call on her and see all the queer things that Mrs. Queerie had.

Mrs. Queerie's house was made of yum yum cake and the roof was fringed with cocoanut. The windows were made of thin sheets of sugar which gave the house the sweetest look.

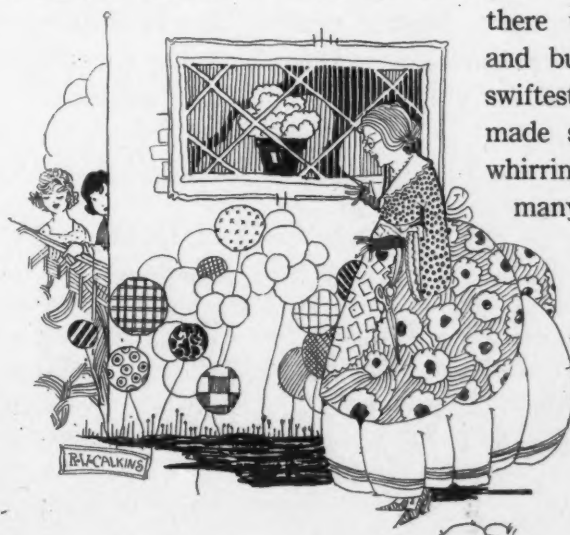
At the side of the little yum yum cake house was a little winding path which ran through the queerest little garden you ever saw. In Mrs. Queerie's garden grew the most queer and wonderful things. There was a bed of bright balloons, which looked for all the wide world like

your grandmother's patchwork quilt of many colors. The balloons grew up tall and nodded in the breeze, swaying back and forth, and beckoned, over the queer little hedge to every child that passed.

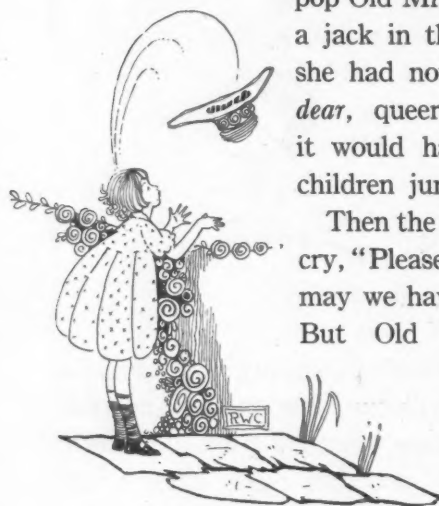
At first the balloons were very small and shrivelled up, so that they looked, for all the world, like prunes when you buy them at the store. But day after day, when the sun shone on them, they grew and grew, both in size and brightness of coloring, until the children shouted with delight.

On the other side of the queer little garden there whizzed and whirled and buzzed the gayest and swiftest pin wheels and they made such a wind by their whirring and buzzing that many a little hat was blown off many a little head; I mean the little heads that looked over the queer little hedge into Mrs. Queerie's little garden.

Over in one corner of the queer little garden was a very queer little lollipop bush and on that lollipop bush grew sweet and sumptuous lollipops, which watered one's mouth when one thought of the taste.



All the children coming home from school stopped at Mrs. Queerie's house and knocked on her queer little black-cat knocker, in the middle of her queer little door. Out would



pop Old Mrs. Queerie, like a jack in the box and if she had not been such a dear, queer, old woman, it would have made the children jump.

Then the children would cry, "Please, Mrs. Queerie, may we have a lollipop?"

But Old Mrs. Queerie would say, "Have you had your lunch yet?"

Then they would say "No, Mrs. Queerie, we are just coming home from school."

"Hurry home fast," old Mrs. Queerie would say, "and eat a good lunch. Eat just what your mother wants you to eat and then stop on the way back and I'll give you something nice."

Then all the children would run home fast and say, "Hurry! Oh hurry, Mother dear, for we must go to Mrs. Queerie's." Then each little child would fairly fly back to

Mrs. Queerie's house and Mrs. Queerie would already be at her queer little garden gate, ready to let them in.

"Will you have a balloon or a pin wheel?

You can't have both," Old Mrs. Queerie would say. Then each little child would choose with a little pointing finger, which he or she liked the best.

Then Old Mrs. Queerie would take her queer looking scissors and make a quick little snip; for no

one was ever allowed to pick things in the garden but Old Mrs. Queerie herself.

After every snip was made with the queer little scissors, Old Mrs. Queerie would go to the lollipop bush and pick a lollipop for every chick and child; then she would pick up her queer little apron and say, "Shew," and off they would all go like a flock of chickens and leave Old Mrs. Queerie, saying queer things to herself in her queer little garden.



## PUSSY WILLOW

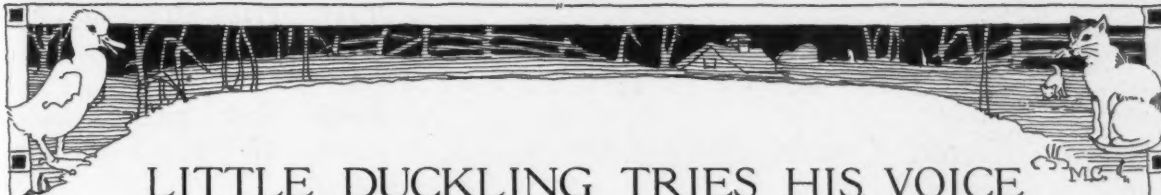
ESTHER HULL DOOLITTLE

OH, pretty Pussy Willow,  
You soft and silky thing,  
You dweller by the roadside,  
And harbinger of Spring,

When all the world is dreary,  
And song birds do not sing,  
When skies are gray and cloudy,  
It's welcome news you bring!







## LITTLE DUCKLING TRIES HIS VOICE

By MARJORIE M. LAFLEUR

ONCE upon a time a fat Little Duckling went on a journey into the Wide World. He wandered along the Barnyard Road, and presently he saw a Kitty Cat.

"Me-ow!" said the Kitty Cat.

"O-o-oh!" cried the Little Duckling. "Isn't that a PRETTY sound! I think I'LL talk that way!"

But do you suppose the Little Duckling could say "Me-ow"?

No, indeed!

He tried, but the best he could do was:

"Me-e-ack! Me-e-ack!"

And that wasn't PRETTY at all!



So the Little Duckling waddled on and on, and after a while he saw a Puppy Dog.

"Bow-wow!" said the Puppy Dog.

"O-o-oh!" cried the Little

Duckling. "Isn't that a LOVELY noise! I think I'LL talk that way!"

But do you suppose the Little Duckling could say "Bow-wow"?

No, indeed!

He tried, but this is the way he sounded:

"B—ack! B—ack!"

And that wasn't LOVELY at all!

Then the Little Duckling waddled on and on, and soon he saw a Yellow Bird in a tree.

"Tweet—tweet tweet—tweet tweet!" sang the Yellow Bird.

"O-o-oh!" sighed the Little Duckling softly. "Isn't that a SWEET song! I think I'LL sing that way!"

But do you suppose the Little Duckling could sing "Tweet—tweet"?

No, indeed!

He tried his very best, but all he could say was:

"Tw—ack! Tw—ack!"

And that wasn't SWEET at all!

So the Little Duckling waddled on and on, and after a time he saw a Big Cow.

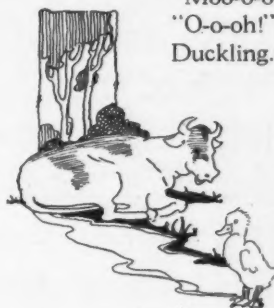
"Moo-o-o!" said the Big Cow.

"O-o-oh!" thought the Little Duckling. "Isn't that a

BEA-U-TIFUL roar! I think I'LL roar that way!"

But do you suppose the Little Duckling could say "Moo-o-o"?

No, indeed!



He tried, but all he could manage was:

"M—ack! M—ack!"

And that wasn't BEA-U-TIFUL at all!

The Little Duckling was very sad.

He could not say "Me-ow" like the Kitty Cat.

He could not say "Bow-wow" like the Puppy Dog.

He could not say "Tweet-tweet" like the Yellow Bird.

He could not say "Moo-o-o" like the Big Cow.

He waddled slowly on and on. All at once he saw his own Mother Duck coming toward him along the Barnyard Road.

"Quack! Quack!" cried Mother Duck.

"O-o-oh!" whispered the Little Duckling happily to himself. "That's the PRETTIEST sound in the whole Wide World! I think I'll talk THAT way!"












And he found that he could say:













"Quack! Quack!" very nicely!







## A TINY TOT TALE

*Helen Cowles Le Cron*

Now Nancy had a tiny  with yellow . She called it Polly, and loved to make it . You know some very little  can sew. Well, just before she went to  one night, she made a  of red for Polly, and a tiny  with one red . Think of that! The cross old  was striking eight when Mother said, "Come, dear, it's late!" So,—Nancy went, and took her  but left the  she'd made for Polly.

All dark and quiet grew the  and then scratch, scratch -- a little  -- (a lady ) came creeping out,—to see the big round  no doubt. Quite soon, she noticed Nancy's . "A ?" she squeaked. "I do declare! "What luck! A fine, new  and  just made for me. Now think of that!" She tried them on. "My sakes!" squeaked she. "How fine a  and  can be. I feel so Sunday-fied and nice. I just must show my sister  .

When morning came, as mornings should, poor Polly's  were gone for good, and Nancy simply couldn't guess who took her dolly's  and . But old Man  he knew, he knew— and he told me what I tell you.

## THE GRAND PRIZE

*(Continued from page 147)*

flowers. Such a garment would certainly keep them warm until spring.

"The grand prize," said the Queen—everyone was listening intently, "the grand prize for the prettiest flower garden goes to fairy Fee-fee."

"To me?" gasped Fee-fee, taken by surprise. "Why, I pulled my blossoms!"

"Have you seen your garden lately?" the Queen enquired.

Fee-fee admitted she had not, for she had thought the work in her garden was finished. But as soon as the grand prize was clasped tightly in her tiny hands she flew away to see it. Quite out of breath from hurrying she parted the bushes that bordered the daisy clump and stared at her flowers.

"Oh me! Oh my!"

Everyone of those little plants had put out three or four new blossoms, and her garden was a mass of gold and white.

Fee-fee hugged the grand prize to her and danced with delight.

"Oh me! Oh my! You darling flowers!"

Then she stopped right quickly, struck by a sudden thought.

"It is just as Fairy Grandmother said," she told her flowers, "the more you give away the more you have."

# THE TOYTOWN TATTLER

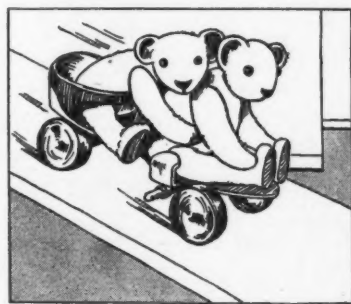
By Alfred Wideman



Price 4 Gumdrops

## NEW FAD AMONG TEDDY BEARS

The young Teddy Bears of Toytown have been screaming with joy over a new sport which one of them introduced. It consists of coasting wildly down an ironing board on a roller skate. Can you imagine anything more thrilling? Of course, each time the bears wish to play this exciting game it is



necessary for them to find some strong little boy to place the huge ironing board in the right position. One day last week one little boy placed the board at too steep an angle, and the two Teddies who were riding on the roller skate coasted at such a wild speed that they collided with a pan of dog's drinking water, and were dumped into it head first. The little boy soon dried them with blotters, however, and they all had a good laugh over the incident.

## DOLL HAS NEW SPECTACLES

Little Mimi Van Chinaface met with a strange difficulty lately. Mimi was given to a nice little girl for Christmas several years ago, but the little mamma neglected to dust Mimi's eyes with the feather duster, and Mimi couldn't see well. She was constantly bumping into other dollies and chipping off the ends of their noses with her hard china cheeks.

For a long time Mimi's little mamma was quite distressed over the situation, but one sunshiny

day she suddenly thought of a wonderful way to help matters. She procured a strong wire hairpin and shaped a beautiful pair of hairpin glasses for Mimi. Of course the spectacles didn't have any real glass in them, but nevertheless they must have been helpful, for Mimi no longer cracks other dollies' faces by colliding with them.

## BIG MYSTERY OVER MISSING BRACELET

One day last week there was great excitement in the house where little Flossie Hayes lives. Flossie's mamma couldn't find the beautiful gold bracelet that she had received from Flossie's papa for Christmas. They looked upstairs and downstairs, in this room and that room, behind pillows, under rugs, and in every sort of place but still no bracelet was to be seen.

Flossie and her mamma were at last so tired from their efforts that

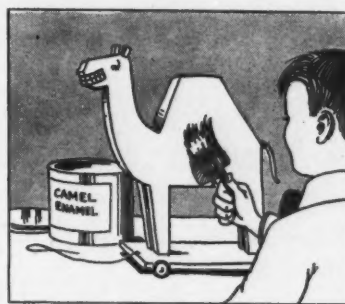


they sat down in the bedroom and talked about where the beautiful piece of jewelry could possibly be. Flossie's mother was becoming more excited each minute, when all of a sudden Flossie let out a squeal of surprise and made a wild dash towards her dolly, Rebecca. Mrs. Hayes looked in amazement, for there around Rebecca's little neck was the missing golden bracelet.

Rebecca met their astonishment with a peal of silver dolly laughter.

"I thought this was the way to wear it," she said in a tiny voice. "I didn't think you'd mind if I borrowed it."

Well, Rebecca looked so funny with the big golden circle around her thin little neck that Flossie and her mamma forgot their astonishment and laughed 'till they cried. The picture will show you how foolish Rebecca looked.



## WOODEN CAMEL GETS NEW COAT OF PAINT

You should see Humpty lately. Humpty is a good name for a camel, isn't it? Of course, he is only a wooden camel, but that makes the circumstances all the more interesting.

Humpty had been moping around for a long time in rather dirty condition. All he needed in order to be a respectable camel again was a new coat of paint, which he got last Tuesday. His keeper, Johnny Jinks, bought a fine can of brown enamel, and approached Humpty, brush in hand. At first Humpty was frightened, not knowing what Johnny was going to do, but he was soon informed, and the fun started.

The camel closed his eyes to keep the paint out of them, and laughed a great deal when the brush tickled his sides. He is quite proud of his shining new paint, and says he will go out in the street the minute he is dry, to show the dollies and Teddy Bears.

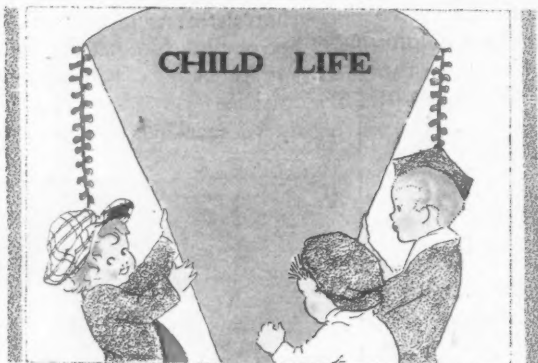


# JUST LIKE THIS

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY BESS DEVINE JEWELL

Every evening Pudgy worked on his big kite and when it was finished Stubby and Red had to help him hold it

JUST LIKE THIS



They went up on a great big hill and when they got there Pudgy let it go for miles and miles and miles

JUST LIKE THIS



He tried to pull it back again but the kite was so very big that it drew Pudgy up and up through the sky

JUST LIKE THIS



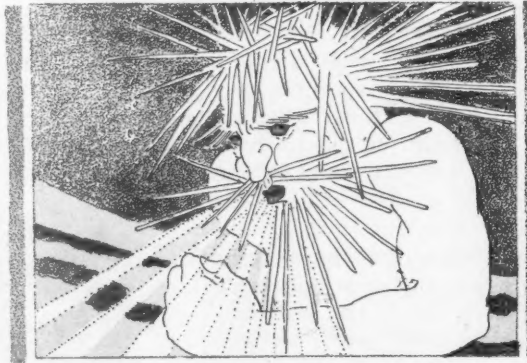
There he saw a beautiful lady holding a baby. She said, "I am the South Wind and I am bringing Spring to the earth" and smiled,

JUST LIKE THIS



Then a giant with icicles for hair said, "No-oo, I am the North Wind. My son Winter rules the earth," and he blew-ew-ew

JUST LIKE THIS



He blew Pudgy back to earth in a hurry. This may be so, but the neighbors say they saw him all day Saturday, flying his kite

JUST LIKE THIS



# NATURE STORIES



## SOME SURPRISING WAYS SEEDS ARE PLANTED

By MARION BROWNFIELD

**Y**ES," said Uncle Harry, "the ant is a fine little gardener!"

"Why!" said Betty surprised, "I never saw an ant plant a flower garden!"

"I've seen ants run up and down nasturtiums," said Bobby.

"You just look hard and you'll see him plant a seed," said Uncle Harry bending over an ant hill with Betty and Bobby. Sure enough there was an ant struggling to carry a seed into the ant hill.

"Why, I've seen ants before, pushing and pulling along little white things," said Betty, "but I thought that they were ant eggs."

"No," said Uncle Harry, "they are usually seeds. Look hard and you will see that this ant has fastened himself on to the little handle end of the seed."

"Is he going to plant a garden inside of the ant hill?" asked Bobby.

"He is, though he doesn't know it," said Uncle Harry. "He thinks he is just putting something to eat in his pantry."

"Like squirrels who store nuts!"

"But when the little ant has eaten off the outside husk of the seed he will be through with it. Then when rain comes it will grow!"

"Who else plants seeds?" asked Bobby.

"Blue jays do!" exclaimed Betty, "they carry off acorns—the seeds of oak trees—and hide them in trees just like squirrels."

"But if they eat them," said Bobby, "how can the acorns grow?"

"Oh, they drop some when they are flying," said Uncle Harry, "and then sometimes they forget where they have hidden their nuts. Lots of seeds, though, plant themselves."

"Just dropping down from the flowers?" asked Betty. "Our sweet peas come up the next year in the same place even if we don't plant them."

"Yes, but lots of seeds travel miles to plant themselves!"

"Travel, how?" asked Bobby puzzled.

"In lots of ways. Some seeds burst open with such a pop, that like a cannon, the seed is sent off quite a long way. Blue violets, pansies and balsams do that way."

"I'm going to watch our garden and see," said Betty. "I know a seed that flies away—the maple! It has wings that make it fly like a bird when the wind blows."

"It's a regular airplane," said Bobby. "Others too, have wings to fly with—seeds from willows, ash, box-elders and elms."

"Good!" said Uncle Harry, "I didn't

## PRIZE COLOR CONTEST

TWO prizes will be offered to the readers of CHILD LIFE, one prize to the girl winner and one prize, of equal value, to the boy winner. The prizes will be awarded to the boy and girl who send in the best two color productions of the following page. The names of the winners of the January contest are: ELIZABETH LYONS, New Rochelle, N. Y., age 10, and WILLIAM GEORGE SWANK, 7753 Coles Ave., Chicago, Ill., age 9. Honorable mention: LUCILLE MILLER, FRANCES FLOYD TURNER, MARGARET BUELL, VIRGINIA LA FORGE, DULA E. JAMESON, LOUISE A. POWELL, IDA MAY McCURRY, CARMEN BROUGHTON, EMMA J. ROVER, WILLA B. HAY, MIRIAM SNOW, ISABEL INGLES, JANE T. WILLIAMS, FRANCES E. PARSON, LEONORA LITTLE, GEORGE ROOT, ARTHUR L. FUNK, and ARTHUR L. SANFORD.

The characters of "The Awakening of Spring" should be done in their natural colors. Try to be sure that these colors are correct. The page may be colored by the use of water color paints or crayons.

Do you know the natural colors of these woodland folk? Send your colored page before March 15th to

ESTELLE H. ROBBINS

Care of CHILD LIFE

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

## CORRECT SOLUTION OF LAST MONTH'S PRIZE COLOR CONTEST

In the February number of CHILD LIFE we tell about the little Wild Carrot, who has a lace shop, and now we shall write more about her. When her delicate white flowers are still unsoiled by the dust, and are fresh from a summer shower, they are very beautiful indeed. But by the end of summer they begin to have a crestfallen look and to lose that lacy freshness. While we admire her pretty lace collar the farmers are busy digging her up. Of course this makes poor little *Daucus Carota* very much discouraged to be constantly driven from her home when she wants to settle down and be happy. Some of her ancestors were brought from Rome and settled down in England the time of Queen Elizabeth. In history books we read that ladies once wore Carrot leaves in their hair in place of feathers.

This little flower is often mistaken for the Spotted Cowbane or Water Hemlock. Here are the names of a few of *Daucus's* cousins: the Cow Parsnip, Purple Stemmed Angelica, Water Parsnip and Mock Bishop Weed. The Spotted Cowbane is a poisonous weed.

If you would like to know more about the little people of the woods, send self-addressed, stamped envelope to

ESTELLE H. ROBBINS

Care of CHILD LIFE

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know you knew the names of so many trees. Can you name some, Betty?"

Betty thought hard. "Not any trees," she said, "but dandelions and thistles are fly-aways, too!"

"Some plants drop their seeds for miles by tumbling," said Uncle Harry.

"The tumble-weed?" asked Bobby.

"Yes, and lots of weeds shaped big and round so that when the wind breaks them off at the roots they roll along on their sides and drop seeds all along the way as their pods get dry and open. Tickle-grass, pig-weed and pepper-grass do this way. Guess how many seeds a Russian thistle plants?"

"Two hundred," said Bobby.

"Add three ciphers and say 200,000," said Uncle Harry. "Some seeds travel by water."

"I've seen 'em floating in the brook," said Bobby suddenly remembering, "grass seeds and arrowhead."

"And water-plantain, alder and lots of rushes," said Uncle Harry. "Cocoanuts float thousands of miles in the ocean and plant themselves on new islands to grow up into cocoanut palm trees."

"Some seeds make you carry them," said Bobby.

"How?" asked Betty. "Oh I know! The prickly kind with little burrs."

"Cockle burrs and stick-tights. I don't like 'em," said Bobby, "they sting you so!"

"That's what they hold on with," said Uncle Harry; "they have the tiniest little hooks on them!"

"Once grandpa's horse got a lot of burdocks in his tail, and they cut part of his tail off, because they couldn't untangle it!"

"Yes, that's the way some weeds have been brought to our country," said Uncle Harry. "They traveled by sticking to sheep's wool. Then when the sheep or the wool was shipped to America the weed seeds came too! That's the way the yellow mustard seed traveled all over Europe and finally way to California!"



# ANIMATED BOTANY

A · COMEDY · OF · THE · WOODS

By · ESTELLE · HARRIET · ROBBINS

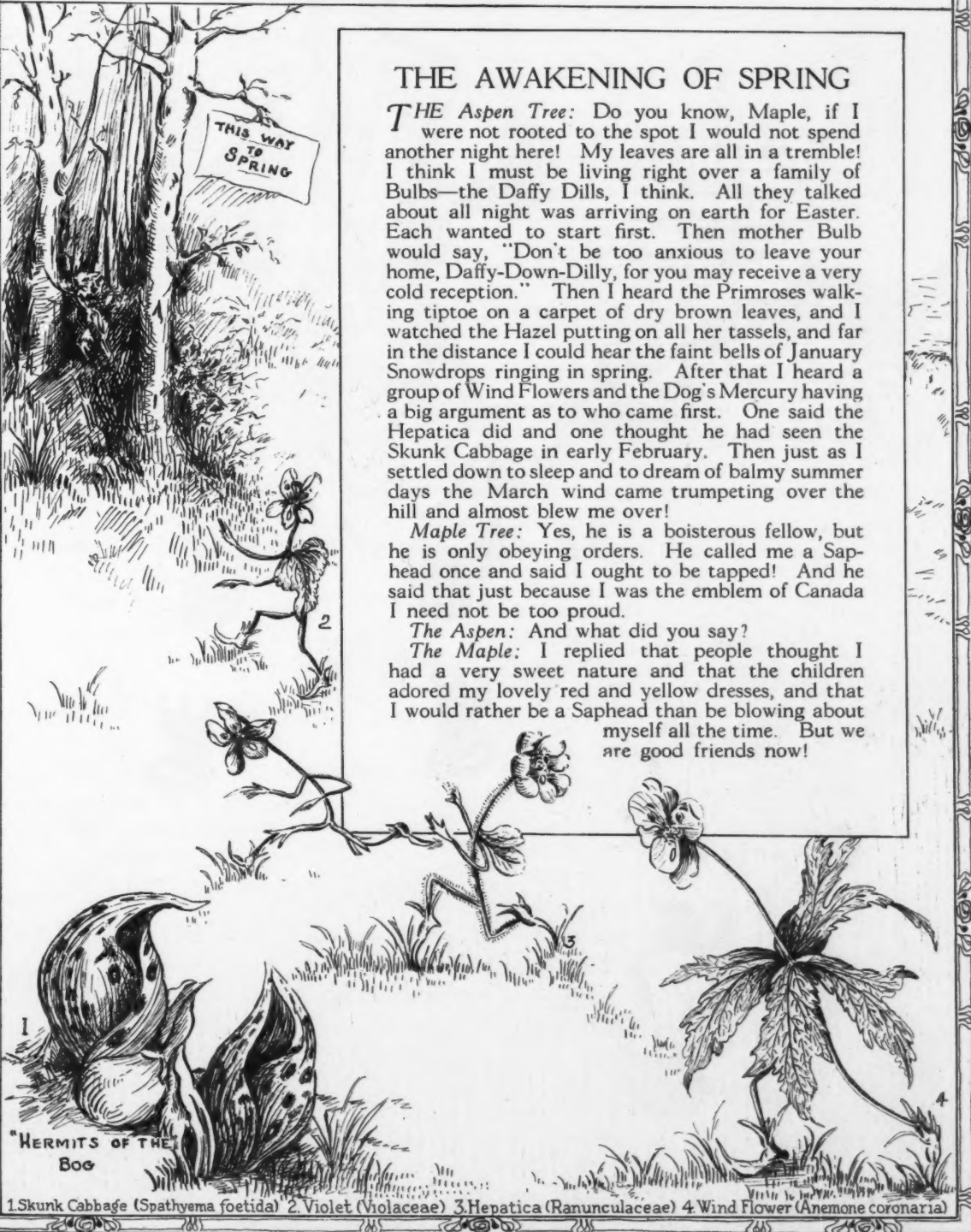
## THE AWAKENING OF SPRING

**THE Aspen Tree:** Do you know, Maple, if I were not rooted to the spot I would not spend another night here! My leaves are all in a tremble! I think I must be living right over a family of Bulbs—the Daffy Dills, I think. All they talked about all night was arriving on earth for Easter. Each wanted to start first. Then mother Bulb would say, "Don't be too anxious to leave your home, Daffy-Down-Dilly, for you may receive a very cold reception." Then I heard the Primroses walking tiptoe on a carpet of dry brown leaves, and I watched the Hazel putting on all her tassels, and far in the distance I could hear the faint bells of January Snowdrops ringing in spring. After that I heard a group of Wind Flowers and the Dog's Mercury having a big argument as to who came first. One said the Hepatica did and one thought he had seen the Skunk Cabbage in early February. Then just as I settled down to sleep and to dream of balmy summer days the March wind came trumpeting over the hill and almost blew me over!

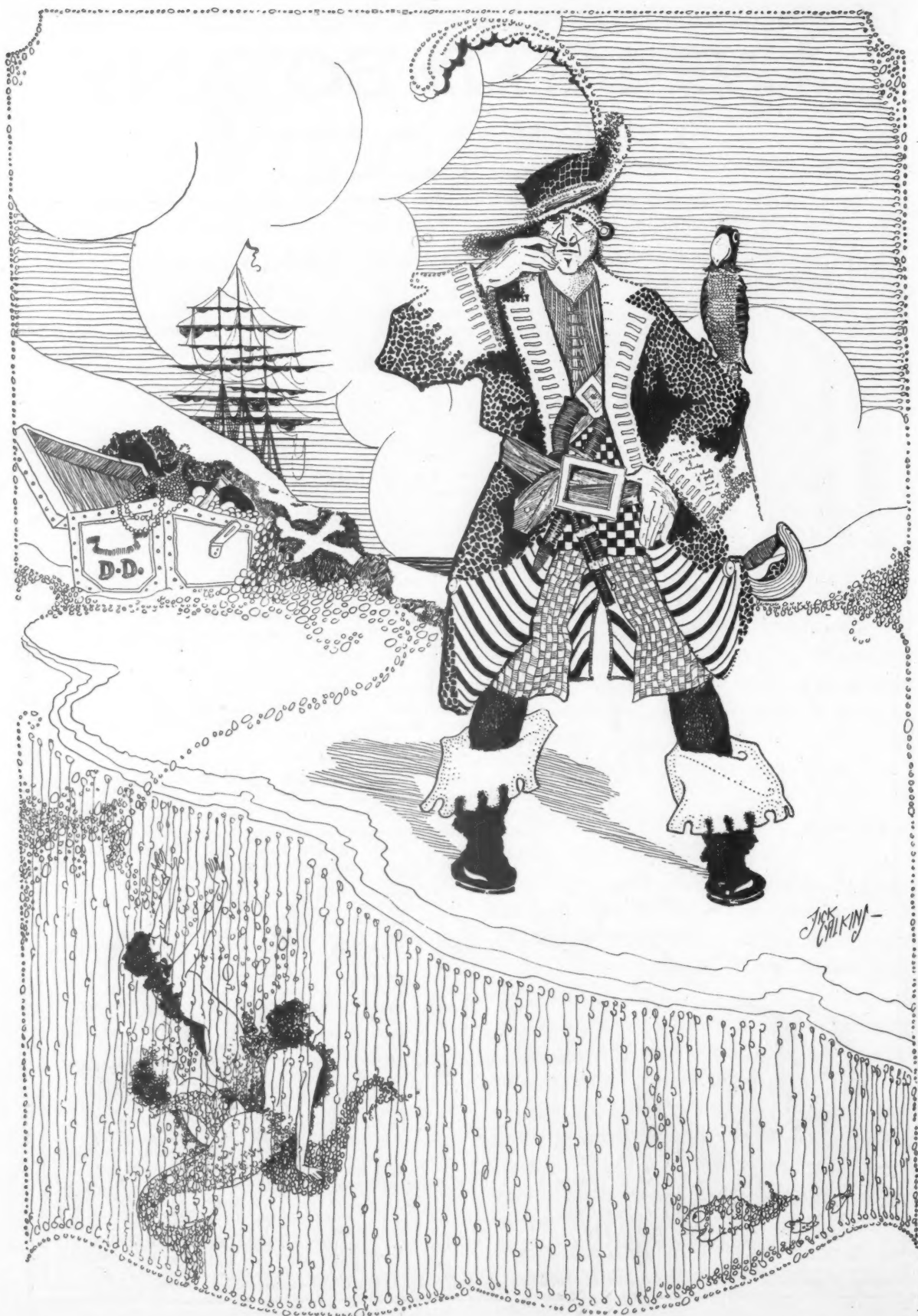
**Maple Tree:** Yes, he is a boisterous fellow, but he is only obeying orders. He called me a Saphead once and said I ought to be tapped! And he said that just because I was the emblem of Canada I need not be too proud.

**The Aspen:** And what did you say?

**The Maple:** I replied that people thought I had a very sweet nature and that the children adored my lovely red and yellow dresses, and that I would rather be a Saphead than be blowing about myself all the time. But we are good friends now!



1. Skunk Cabbage (*Spathyema foetida*) 2. Violet (*Violaceae*) 3. Hepatica (*Ranunculaceae*) 4. Wind Flower (*Anemone coronaria*)



# THE PIRATE DON DURK OF DOWDEE

MILDRED PLEW MERRYMAN



O, FOR the Pirate Don  
Durk of Dowdee!

He was as wicked as  
wicked could be,

But oh, he was perfectly  
gorgeous to see!

The Pirate Don Durk  
of Dowdee.

His conscience, of course, was as  
black as a bat

But he had a floppety plume on  
his hat

And when he went walking it jiggled  
—like that!

The plume of the Pirate Dowdee.

His coat it was crimson and cut  
with a slash,

And often as ever he twirled his  
mustache

Deep down in the ocean the mer-  
maids went splash,

Because of Don Durk of Dowdee.

Moreover, Dowdee had a purple  
tattoo,

And stuck in his belt where he  
buckled it through

Were a dagger, a dirk and a squiz-  
zamaroo,

For fierce was the Pirate Dowdee.

So fearful he was he would shoot  
at a puff

And always at sea when the weather  
grew rough

He drank from a bottle and wrote  
on his cuff,

Did Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee.

Oh, he had a cutlass that swung  
at his thigh,

And he had a parrot called Pepper-  
kin Pye,

And a zigzaggy scar at the end of  
his eye

Had Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee.

He kept in a cavern, this buckaneer  
bold,

A curious chest that was covered  
with mould,

And all of his pockets were jingy  
with gold!

Oh jing! went the gold of Dowdee.

His conscience, of course, it was  
crooked like a squash

But both of his boots made a slick-  
ery slosh,

And' he went through the world  
with a wonderful swash,

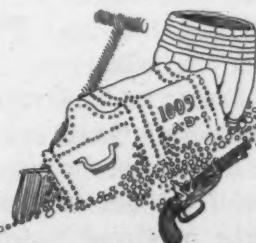
Did Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee.

It's true he was wicked as wicked  
could be,

His sins they outnumbered a hun-  
dred and three

But oh, he was perfectly gorgeous  
to see,

The Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee.







## TYPES OF CHILDREN

### THE STOLEN TURBAN

*A story of a Hindu boy*

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

*Author of the Mary Jane series, Foxy Squirrel in the Garden, Billy Robin and his neighbors, Junior Cook Book, The Camp at Gravel Point, etc.*

**W**AKE up, lazy one! Wake up!" Hala gave his brother a shake. "Wake up, lazy one! This is the day we go to our esteemed uncle's to see his elephants!"

Laco rubbed his eyes and grumbled, "Let me alone!"

But Hala well knew that if they were to be bathed and dressed and breakfasted in time, there must be no more sleeping.

Suddenly Laco sat up, wide awake.

"This is the day!" he cried. "This is the day we go to Benares and visit Uncle Achmed on the way." And in a jiffy he tossed aside his covering, rolled it up and was talking as happily as his brother. Every little Hindu boy looks forward to going to Benares where he can see the famous river and all the wonderful temples and can watch the pilgrims bathe in sacred waters.



"I'll beat you to the garden," said Hala. "You may beat me to the garden, but mine is first bath," retorted Laco, as, by another way, he dashed for the garden.

Walled in to shut out the gaze of passers-by, the garden of a wealthy Hindu is a very lovely place. There are trees and flowers, vines and birds and always a stone-lined water pool for bathing. But the two boys had no thought of birds or flowers that

morning. They did not even pay any attention to their pet monkey Nam, who was chattering at them from the mango tree. They only thought of their journey and of getting bathed and breakfasted in time.

Laco piled his clothing at one side of the pool and carefully laid his turban on top. A Hindu boy's turban is his most important article of dress and without it, he could not go outside of his house. Then he plunged

into the garden pool just as Hala arrived.

"Who is the late one now?" he laughed.

"I, shall have my breakfast and bath first!"

"Not so," replied Hala, "I am with you now." Giving his clothing a toss, turban and all, he jumped in and began a friendly frolic under the water. If the boys paid more attention to playing than to bathing, perhaps that did no harm, for they bathed so many times a day there couldn't be much chance to really need a scrubbing.

Laughing and sputtering, they played till Laco remembered their need for haste.

"I'm hungry," he announced. "Dryra will have some good mangoes in the kitchen and maybe the rice and curry will be ready and we can have a taste."

Hala liked that suggestion and followed his brother into the kitchen with never a thought of the turban tossed aside.

"Make way, come not here!" his grandmother greeted them from the kitchen door. "We have no time for idlers this day!"

And indeed the kitchen was a busy place. Maids tended the many ovens set in recessed niches in the wall. Other maids prepared food for cooking and the boys' sister, Dryra, was washing mangoes. No wonder the grandmother who had charge of all this activity

did not want lively boys playing under foot!

"Do but give us two mangoes, and we go," begged Hala, "two or maybe three."

"Two you shall have and no more," said the grandmother, "then make yourselves fit to eat with the father, for the meal is ready."

That was good news and soon the boys were eating their rice and curry with the men of the household. The women and girls would eat later and the maids still later—that was one reason for using so many ovens and pots.

"In ten minutes we start," said Hala's father after his meal. "Be ready."

Hala put his hand to his head to make sure his turban was straight—and it wasn't there! Oh, of course! He had left it in the garden. Hurriedly he

went to where he had tossed it, but no turban was in sight. Among the bushes he hunted—no turban.

"Laco has taken it, the rascal," he decided. "I shall punish him."

But Laco, when found, knew nothing of the turban except that it has been under the bushes when they went into the water.

"I'll help you hunt though," he said kindly, when he saw his brother's distress. "Our mother says it is almost time to depart."

Desperately, the boys hunted. Under



bushes, in the flower patch, here, there and everywhere. But no turban did they see.

Hala was almost ready to weep. Would he have to give up the long looked for journey for a lost turban?

Suddenly from overhead came a loud call.

"Catch the thief! Catch the thief!"

"It is only the parrot," grumbled Hala, without looking up. "What knows he of turbans and journeys? Of course he can tease!"

"Catch the thief! Catch the thief!" called the parrot again.

"Stop it!" shouted Hala crossly.

"Catch the thief!" retorted the parrot with a chuckle so merry Hala looked up without thinking. And there, overhead, what do you suppose he saw?

Wrapped round and round a branch of the mango tree was his turban—all unwound and mussed, but the missing turban all the same.

"It's Nam!" laughed Laco, who, too, saw the turban. "There's the thief! But how we shall ever get that turban back in time is more than I can see."

Instantly Hala realized what had happened. Nam had found the turban and had carried it up into the tree. And of course, the thing had come unwrapped till the yards of white cloth had trailed along behind the monkey,

to be wound around the branches as fast as Nam could wind it.

"Bring it down," said Hala eagerly, but Nam only chuckled. He didn't intend to spoil the fun by giving up the booty.

And just then a servant announced that the father was ready to depart—Hala must

come at once—or stay home.

"I'll get it for you," said Laco, suddenly. He took off his own turban, unwound it and spread the cloth out flat on the ground. Nam watched the proceeding carefully, as if fearing some trick.

Then, when the turban cloth was straight and flat, Laco sat down beside it as though he had all day for waiting.

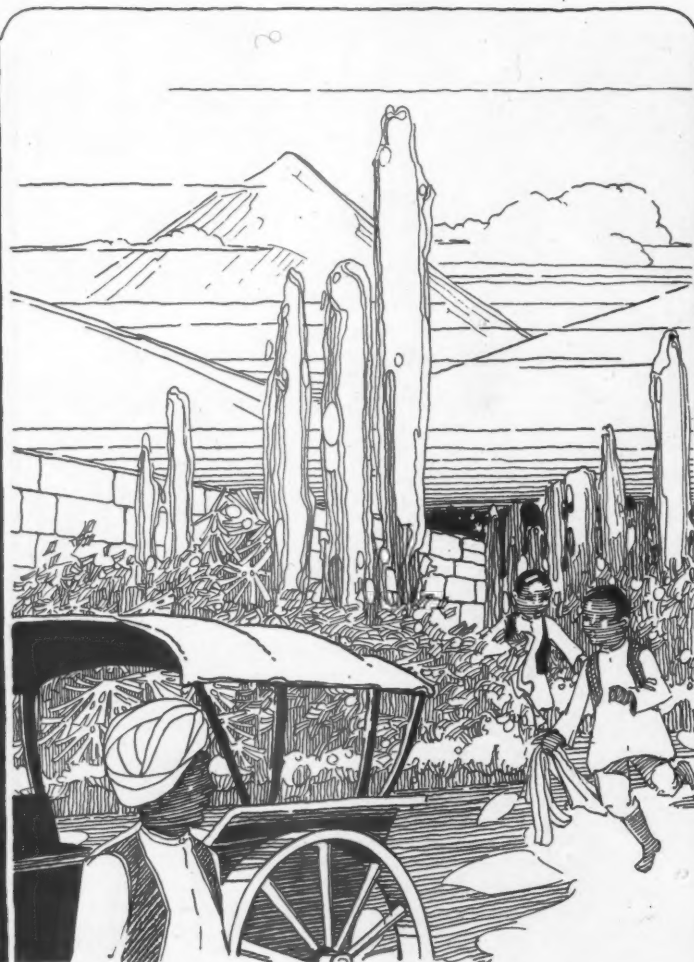
Instantly Nam went to work. He unwound the cloth from the tree

branch, and tossed it down to Laco. He wanted *his* cloth spread out too.

But hardly did the cloth touch the ground before Hala had it in his arms and was running toward the house, Laco close behind him. Poor Nam looked at them with sorry face. Spoil sports!

The boys were barely in time. They scrambled into the cart and were off.

"Well, anyway," whispered Hala, as he wound his turban cloth about his head, "a mussed up turban is better than none and we don't have to stay home!"







## PLAYS AND PAGEANTS

# THE LAST BEANSTALK

By T. C. O'DONNELL

### CHARACTERS

**OBOE**, the Giant. Played by the largest boy available, dressed in huge boots, red shirt open at the neck, and brown trousers. He should have long, unkempt hair and beard.

**HULDA**, the Giant's wife, a motherly little woman, as ungianty as her husband is, oh, so savage!

**ABOE**, the boy about four or five, a replica of his father, beard and all.

**JACK**, a boy of eight or nine.

**SUSAN**, a year younger; maybe it is older—you'd never know from looking at her, and no one remembers except her daddy and mamma, and they're not here to ask.

**CHORUS OF BEAN-PICKSIES.**

**CHORUS OF GUARDS.**

The scene is a giant's home, high up in a beanstalk. It is not the giant of the story, but his next-door neighbor. Branches, as of beanstalks, should seem to pierce the floor in two or three places, giving the room the effect of being built into a beanstalk top. From these enormous bean pods hang, of varying colors. One of the three walls of the stage should consist of a drop, with window, looking against a blue curtain to represent the sky beyond. There is a grate in one of the walls, with huge cooking utensils hanging beside it. Either in the floor itself, or at the top of a box large enough for entrance from behind, there is a trap door, supposed to be reached by ladder—the only entrance.

that cut down the beanstalk next door—he's cutting down all the beanstalks he can find, and—

**HULDA:** Run and tell the neighbors, while I pack the things!

[OBOE disappears down the door, as HULDA turns and starts to put pans and things in boxes.]

**HULDA (to herself):** Just as we were becoming cozy and getting up in the world, too.

[She stops suddenly, as she hears a sound at the trap door. She turns in alarm, only to see SUSAN's face smiling up at her.]

**HULDA (as SUSAN knocks roguishly on the door):**

Come in!

**SUSAN (a basket on her arm, and all in one breath):** Please, ma'am, may I borrow some beans, 'cause somebody has gone and cut down every beanstalk around our house for—for miles, and Mamma will be terribly put out if I don't bring some home, and—I wish I knew who did it, and—

**HULDA:** I can tell you who did it—a little boy named Jack. He cut down our next-door

**H**ULDA (ABOE at her knee, getting his first lesson in giantry):

Now, then, say "Fee, fo, fi, fum—"

**ABOE:** One, two, fee, fo—

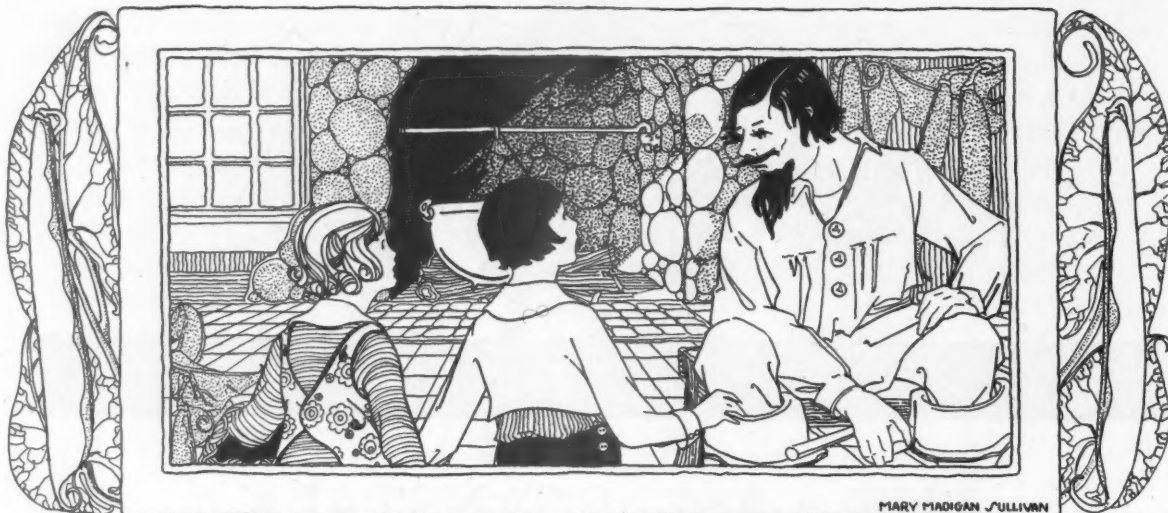
**HULDA:** No, just "Fee, fo, fi—"

**ABOE:** Fee, fo, five, six—

**HULDA (shaking him gently):** I never saw such a boy—always counting, and—

**OBOE (thrusting his head up through the door, excitedly):** My dear, we must move, quick! That boy Jack—you know,





MARY MADIGAN SULLIVAN

neighbor's beans-talk yesterday, and now I suppose he's got the habit something horrible, miss.

SUSAN: Why, Jack's my brother, and never told us about it, and—

HULDA: Well, *you're* a nice girl, anyhow, so hurry and fill your basket before he gets to this one.

[SUSAN turns to pick the beans, as a chorus of six or eight little girls enter, baskets on arms, and dressed like SUSAN, except that their frocks afford variety to the color scheme.]

SUSAN and CHORUS (singing, and with a simple dance movement, in which HULDA and ABOE join):

Ho, for the bean-picksy children are we—  
The hickory, dickory, snickery pickers, you see.

Here's a red one, just so—  
[each turning to pick a red bean]  
And a blue one, you know,  
[picking]  
And a pink bean to go  
[the next line is sung as they leave stage]

In our caskety, paskety baskets, tee hee!  
SUSAN: But I must hurry to make Jack stop his chopping.

[The horrible voice of the GIANT is heard just beyond the door.]

OBOE: Fum, fi [as he emerges through the door with JACK squirming in his arms], fo, fee—I've got the blood of this Englishmun!  
[He stands JACK down on the floor.]

ABOE: You've got it backwards, Daddy. It's "Fee, fo, fi—"

OBOE: That's when you just *smell* 'um. You say it t'other way about when you've ketched 'um.

SUSAN (whom the GIANT and JACK had not observed): What are

you going to do with him?

JACK: She's my sister. Oh, save me, Susan!

OBOE (with fierce sarcasm): Listen at the brave giant killer. "Save me, Susan!" Huh! I caught him just as he was starting to chop down *our* beanstalk. [To JACK:] Sort of got the chopping habit, eh? Like George Washington. And (producing a hatchet which he breaks in two and throws out the window) here's his wonderful hatchet. Huh! 'Brave—huh! [To himself:] There, I think that's three huh's!

ABOE (crying): Be, bo, bi, bum—be, bo—

SUSAN (comfortingly): Come, don't cry. Here (reaching in her pocket) is a lollipop . . . Why (unable to find it), I must have lost it out of my pocket.

[JACK, unseen by all, grasps a box of matches, the only paper in sight, from the grate, scribbles a line on it and drops it out the window.]

OBOE: What is a lollipop? Be quiet, son, until we find out what a lollipop is.

SUSAN (as ABOE subsides): Why, a lollipop is a sort of all-day sucker.

OBOE (not much the wiser): Oh!

JACK: And it grows to be a habit.

OBOE: Oh, it grows, does it?

JACK: I mean it gets to be a habit. Susan almost has a lollipop habit.

OBOE: My, I never saw such habity children . . . But dear (addressing HULDA), let's heat the water and get ready for the boy here. We'll see about the girl later.

I'll go and break off some branches from the beanstalk for the fire and—

HULDA (who has been





looking around the grate): Why, why the matches are gone!

OBOE: Well, you can get some matches from the janitor in the basement while I get the wood. Come, dear. And ABOE (*as he and HULDA disappear down the door*), guard well the—the meat supply! [*Enter CHORUS of six or eight little GIANTS, about the same size as ABOE, and similarly dressed.*]

CHORUS:

We are the mighty Beanstalk Guard,  
A highy-tighty crew—  
Our task is neither light nor hard,  
We'd be too scared to fight—our card,  
(*each hands JACK a card and bows as he leaves the stage*)  
And compliments to you!

SUSAN (*taking a hand out of a pocket*): Why, here is the lollipop! Here, ABOE!

JACK (*taking the lollipop from her*): Oh, I've an idea. Give it to the Giant. By the time he has eaten an all-day sucker maybe we can get away.

SUSAN: Not just one for a whole giant.  
[*ABOE, yawning and stretching, lies down on the door and falls fast asleep, unobserved.*]

JACK: Well, I don't want any old giants around eating our lollipops, if they're going to eat us, so (*tossing it out the window*) here goes! You didn't see me, but when they weren't looking I wrote a note on the matchbox, and dropped it out the window. Maybe Daddy'll find it and come after it. [*Pointing at ABOE asleep:*] Now if we only had my hatchet we could chop a hole in the—

[*At this point a bush, practically leafless, as long as the height of the window from the floor will permit, is moved upward from behind the drop, slowly yet perceptibly moving. Hatchets—one or two real ones, and the rest cut out of cardboard—are attached, the effect being of a hatchet tree growing up rapidly.*]

SUSAN (*softly, so as not to awaken ABOE*): Look, Jack—your hatchet that Oboe threw out the window—it's grown into a tree. Pick one, quick!

JACK: Goody! (*"picking" one*): Now if the boy there will stay asleep, I'll—

[*JACK has just found a spot in the floor near the door to chop through, when a thunderous knocking is heard from under the floor.*]

OBOE (*from underneath*): Let me in! Aboe! Jack! Susan! All three of you!

[*ABOE wakens with a start, opens door, and OBOE crawls through.*]

OBOE: You're lucky, young man! Not a particle of wood could I find. And I *must* have my boys cooked. Yes sir, cooked! Done—(*feeling that something's wrong with his grammar:*) did—do, dad. Anyhow, I like 'um—(*suddenly spying the hatchet tree:*) well, of all the—enough wood right here (*picking the hatchets furiously, stacking them on an arm*) to cook a cabbage, even.

[*The door opens and HULDA enters.*]

HULDA (*as OBOE throws the armful of "wood" in the grate*): I couldn't get the matches. The janitors have gone shopping.

OBOE (*disappointed*): Well, that's what I always called bad luck. Here I've got wood, and now there's no matches. Wouldn't it be a pity if these two got away from us yet.

ABOE (*pointing to window*): Lookee, lookee!  
[*A match tree is now seen shooting up past the window, filled with match boxes, considerably larger than the one JACK threw out the window and each with JACK's inscription on it.*]

OBOE (*picking several boxes*): Ha ha! Now for the feast! (*Suddenly seeing the inscriptions:*) Huh! What's this? [*Reads:*] "Help! Susan and I in Giant's house in beanstalk."

SUSAN (*to JACK, as others are busy looking at the inscription*): Now we are just as good as—as cooked, because Daddy didn't get the note, and—

OBOE (*turning suddenly*): Thought you'd fool us! Huh! (*Sitting down in front of JACK to lecture him:*) That's what you get for having the chopping-down habit. You should never have habits except good ones, such as letting giants alone. And being kind to everybody and helping them, and—

JACK: It seems to me you have a rather big habit yourself.

OBOE: What would that be, huh?

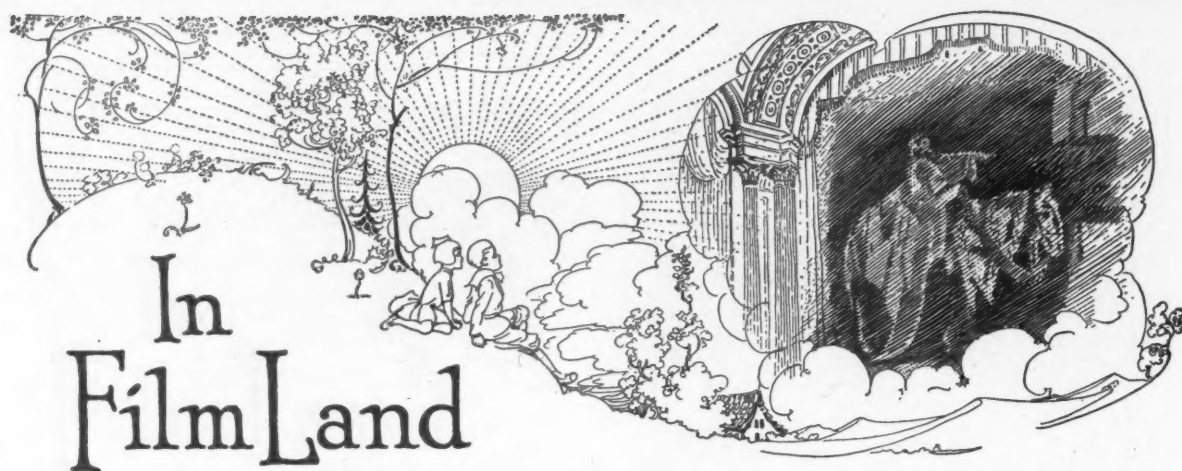
JACK: Saying "Huh" all the time.

SUSAN: Yes, and eating boys and girls!

OBOE: Well, I declare! I never looked at it

(Continued on Page 176)





# In Film Land

## TIMOTHY'S QUEST

By HARRIET MICHAEL

*Former State Chairman of the Better Films Committee of the Illinois Congress of Mothers and of the Parent-Teachers' Association  
Present Chairman of Better Films Committee of the Chicago Woman's Aid*

**T**IMOTHY did not know it, but he was every bit as much a knight as those we read about—knights who had wondrous visions of things good and beautiful, who in shining armor and plumed helmets slew great dragons and rescued fair maidens in distress. True, Timothy was only a little boy and in place of the shining armor he wore ragged clothes and shoes much too large and much too worn for comfort. His dragon was the fear of being placed in an orphan asylum and separated from Lady Gay, a tiny little girl, all smiles and bobbing curls. His vision was of a beautiful white house in the country—a house where one would find an adorable Mother for Lady Gay, and if there were room in that house and in the heart of that Mother, Timothy wanted some of it for himself. Timothy dreamed of a white cat and a white cow and many white chickens to go with this home for Lady Gay and he was quite sure that there would be a white picket fence surrounding the entire place. But above all else these two little children longed for a really truly Mother.

Now, "in days of old" as they say in story books, knights went in quest of what they most dreamed of, and in this motion picture called "Timothy's Quest" written by Kate

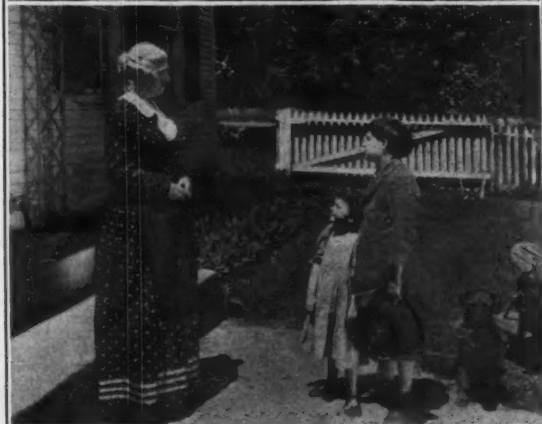
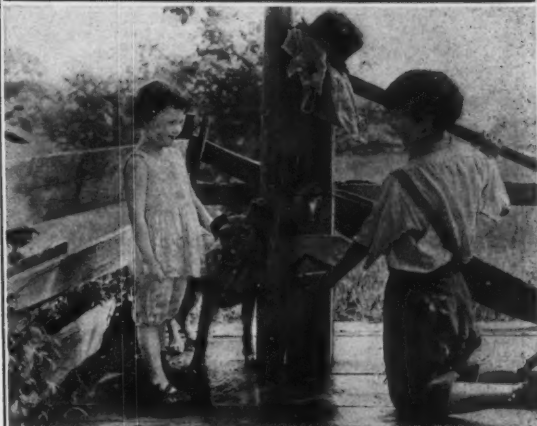
Douglas Wiggin, we see our young knight preparing to go on his quest. It is dark and late in the night. A very unlovely old woman, who is supposed to take the place of a mother to Timothy and Lady Gay, sits asleep in her chair. As Timothy quietly passes her he thinks, "How beautifully she snores!" I am sure that when you see this picture you will agree with Timothy that she is much more agreeable asleep than awake.

We see Timothy dragging a great wash basket down a dark rickety stairway. This wash basket has a set of rude wooden wheels, and is used as a baby carriage for Lady Gay. Timothy again steals back into the room and finds Lady Gay's last clean apron which he carefully packs away, as he is quite sure that he can never find a Mother for Lady Gay if she is not lovely and clean. He takes a large old Japanese parasol so that Lady Gay may not become freckled, for, he thinks, "No one wants a freckled baby." Of course as Timothy has never known a Mother, he does not understand that it would not make a bit of difference. He then stores away a few cookies and a broken comb and his penny bank marked "Bank of England." We see Timothy gently wake Lady Gay, quietly carry her down the dark stairs and place her in the wash basket baby carriage. Away

they go—basket, Japanese parasol, baby, and all. As they round the first corner who do you think comes scampering after them? Why, a little dog called Rags who had been trying to be adopted ever since he was a very young puppy.

On plods our little knight, pulling the wash basket baby carriage by a long rope. The sun comes up and Timothy is overjoyed to see a number of freight cars just being coupled to a great puffing engine. The cars are marked "Pleasant River" and Timothy is sure that there could not be a pleasanter place in the world. He lifts Gay into the empty car, then Rags, and then the wash basket baby carriage. They are all finally settled and the train starts. My! What a wonderful time those children have! The telegraph poles fairly fly past them; the trees look like great green clouds as they blow in the breeze, and the fields of wheat and rye and barley and oats make gay patchwork quilts for the earth. All too soon their ride is over. Timothy finds that riding by freight has its drawbacks as Lady Gay has become a very soiled looking little girl. We see Gay splashing and dancing and laughing as Timothy vigorously scrubs her face and hands at a pump. Her bright curls are combed and the last clean apron takes the place of the soiled one. No one seeing Lady Gay could possibly refuse to adopt her. Rags is then given a very unwelcome bath, Timothy pumping and Lady Gay holding Rags under the water. Altogether they are a very clean looking family as they breakfast on the cookies and plenty of water.

Then along comes Jabe Slocum, a kindly looking man who gives them a ride in his buggy. At the end of a long country road Jabe tells the children that they must go on alone. On they trudge until suddenly Timothy gives a shout of joy, for, after having passed many many houses which do not in any way meet his dreams, he sees a most comfortable looking white house! His dream house come true! There are the white chickens, the white cat and in the field close by





he sees a white cow. But sad to say, the lady of the house does not fit into his picture of the Mother who is to adopt Lady Gay. This lady is sitting bolt upright in her chair—she does not look cuddly. She is knitting and she is very unhappy looking. She has cold grey eyes. Timothy tremblingly asks her if she needs any babies today. Miss Alvida Cummins, who is the unhappy lady, stares at poor Timothy and tells him that she is not adopting any babies today or any other day. Poor Timothy is so tired and hungry that he cannot keep back the tears, and as soon as Lady Gay sees Timothy crying she sobs as though her heart would break and Rags joins in with most piteous howls. This is too much for Miss Alvida Cummins and she and her companion, Samantha Ann, who really loves children, gather up the little family, take them into the kitchen and give them a supper of bread and milk. Then off to bed they go, Lady Gay holding a stuffed bird in her arms. Rags is supposed to spend the night in the woodshed; but he becomes most lonesome for his little friends and Miss Alvida Cummins who visits them in the morning, is very much surprised and not at all pleased to find Rags asleep under one of her very nicest comforters!

The next day the children are sent into the fields with Jabe Slocum, who is the hired man. These two little children follow Jabe and his plow, joyously picking the field daisies, the first growing flowers they have ever seen. They dance with the butterflies as they watch them hovering overhead. Oh, the homecoming that evening! There is Timothy leading the oxen as Jabe walks beside them; then Gay perched on Jabe's shoulder; then Rags noiselessly chasing imaginary rabbits, as he thinks of the good things he has had to eat and the better things he is going to have. Miss Alvida Cummins sees this joyful group, but is not ready to adopt Lady Gay. In fact, she is greatly opposed to it, but the village dressmaker who has been called in to "make over" some clothes for Lady Gay and Timothy tells Miss Alvida Cummins that many people are

(Continued on page 190)





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## MUSICAL GEOGRAPHY

# THE MUSIC OF IRELAND

By ANNE FAULKNER OBERNDORFER

*Author of What We Hear in Music, Music in the Home, etc.*

ISN'T it lucky that Miss O'Connor was called back to Ireland so that Aunt Margaret could write us about Irish music in time for St. Patrick's day?" said Doris, one evening at dinner.

"Now, it's funny you should have mentioned that this very evening," replied Father. "I have a letter from Aunt Margaret in my pocket and I smuggled in a package of records tonight when I came home."

"And I chanced to look up an old book of Irish songs which is now reposing on the piano," said Mother.

"I just bet you did it on purpose because you knew St. Patrick's day was coming," cried Dick, gaily.

"And I wouldn't be surprised if you won your bet, my son," laughed Father. "Well, anyway, let us all go in the living room and play musical geography."

There was a great scrambling to reach the living room but when everyone was settled Father took out a very fat, interesting looking letter from Aunt Margaret and began to read:

My very dear Music Travelers:

Here we are in Ireland and I am so interested in the music of this wonderful "Emerald Isle" that I could write you enough about it to last for a whole week instead of just one evening.

In the first place I don't think I ever quite realized how much music is a part of the daily life of the Irish people. Everyone sings while at work and many of the songs and dances are given the names

of some employment of the people. Of course I won't need to mention that jolly old tune "The Irish Washerwoman" for we all know that, but I wonder if you know "Pretty Maid Milking The Cow" and the "Jolly Ploughboy"? And there are many others.

I don't believe I knew before I met Miss O'Connor that the Irish music is the oldest to be found in Northern Europe. I have just been reading a very interesting book about it and it seems that way back five hundred years before Christ there were many great musicians and harpers in Ireland. Before St. Patrick came to Ireland music was always used by the Druids who carved their notes on sacred stones.

It was from Ireland that the first teachers of music went to the abbeys of Northern Europe for it was the Irish scholars who were the most musical of any of the monks of the middle ages. They wrote many of the hymns used today and it is said they were the first to write down their chants with a neum notation which was very much like that used in Greece in ancient days.

There existed for many centuries a remarkable school for harpers in Ireland and the greatest players on the harp in the whole world came from this land. Every year these harpers had contests at Tara's Hall and a prize was given to the one who played the best. These contests in Tara's Hall have been made immortal in the old song "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Hall."

"Why, I know that song," cried Mabel. "I think the children do, too. We sing it in school."

"Let us all try to sing it together," said Father. "Aunt Margaret doesn't say so, but the harpers were driven out of Ireland at the time of Oliver Cromwell and the



Irish people had to depend on their pipers and fiddlers to keep music alive, for the Church frowned on popular tunes and the musician was no longer considered a man to be honored. That is what this song really means," he added, after the song had been finished.

"I know an Irish song I like," said Dick. "It is 'The Minstrel Boy.' I can sing that." After Dick had finished, Father read again from Aunt Margaret's letter:

I wonder if you know how fond the Irish are of the bagpipes. They are used here almost as much as they are in Scotland. Then

they always play the flute and the fiddle as they call the violin, for the accompaniment to their dances. It seems that the old name of the Irish violin was "geige" and the dance was called by the same name, finally coming down to us as "jig."

On our trip to the Lakes of Killarney we saw some very interesting jig dancing and we heard, of course, the lovely old song "Killarney." I want your father to sing you three old Irish songs and I want you to look up the places on the map and then he will show you some post cards of these places that I am enclosing. They are "Killarney," "Bendemeer's Stream" and "Where The River Shannon Flows."

"I don't think I'll sing them as long as we can get a real Irishman like John McCormack to do it for us," said Father, winding up the phonograph.

"Oh, aren't they lovely!" cried Mabel when the Irish tenor had finished singing.

"Let us hear him also sing 'The Last Rose of Summer,'" said Mother.

"Why, I didn't know that was an Irish song. I thought it was from the opera 'Martha,'" said Mabel.

"It is sung in Flotow's opera," replied

Mother, "but it is a very old Irish song and the words are by Thomas Moore. Some people say the original tune was called 'The Groves of Blarney.'"

"We have set American words to some of the old Irish tunes, too," said Father. "For example, there is

'Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms' which Moore wrote for the old tune 'My Lodgin' is in the Cold Ground.' We made it the famous song, 'Fair Harvard' and I don't believe many Harvard men today know that it was originally an Irish folk song."

"What about 'Kathleen Mavourneen'?" asked Mother.

"That is a fine old love song," answered Father. "It is about an Irish maiden and has a real Irish flavor, though it was written by an Englishman named Crouch who lived in Portland, Maine. Several of our American composers are writing songs that resemble Irish folk songs, too, but we won't have time for them this evening."



"What does Aunt Margaret say next?" asked Doris.

There are so many lovely old fairy stories here. I shall have stories to last the children for always. I wonder if they know about the curious little Irish elf, the "Leprechaun"? There is a most interesting song about him. Maybe you can have Father sing it. And another lovely song which tells a wonderful story is "The Song of Fionnuala." Fionnuala was the daughter of King Lir and she was changed into a swan and condemned to sing as she floated on the water surrounding Ireland. Only on the day when Ireland should be free would Fionnuala be freed also.

Father sang the jolly little "Leprechaun"

song and this sad lament of Fionnuala, greatly to everyone's delight, and then he read again from the letter:

Possibly the most popular tunes in all Ireland are "The Wearin' of the Green" and "St. Patrick's

Day" but the words are rarely sung any more. Maybe they would be a good ending to your Irish geography lesson, though.

"Just wait one minute," begged Mother, as she and the twins hurried out into the hall. A minute or two of suppressed giggles and

"Now start your phonograph," cried Mother and in Dick marched in a green coat and a high hat, and Doris in a typical Irish peasant maid's dress. They began to dance an Irish jig and soon Father and Mabel, and Mother and Baby Brother were joining in also.



"Our trip to Ireland has been a pretty good one," said Father, "but I think the road leads to bed now."

"I guess it does," agreed the twins, dancing gaily down the hall.

## ON SAINT PATRICK'S DAY

ANNA MEDARY

OCH, WE should all be merry,  
And we should all be gay,  
A-jiggin' and a-dancin'  
To greet Saint Patrick's Day,

Och, we should all be dressin'  
In emerald with a sheen,  
An' we should all be singin'  
"The Wearin' of the Green,"

Och, we should all be eatin'  
Some fishes in a stew,  
Praties b'iled in jackets,  
With one fat eel, or two!

Och, we should all be pinnin'  
(To show ourselves in stoile,)  
Upon our breast a shamrock,  
That grew in Erin's Isle!

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## INDOOR GARDENS

By AMELIA LEAVITT HILL

I HAVEN'T anything to do, Mother!" said Helen, as she lay curled up on the window seat.

"Neither have I," added Harry, yawning, as he looked up from his place on the floor.

"I'll have to see what I can do for you," said Mother, as she began to put up her work. "How would you like to plant a garden?"

"So early?" asked Helen.

"Without any seeds?" inquired Harry.

"We can have a nice garden in the house," said Mother, "and we have lots of seeds right here, Harry. Stop a minute and think how many things that we eat are seeds."

As she spoke she made her way to the kitchen, the children following close behind her.

"Here's a seed," said Mother, opening a jar of rice. "We will have some of that. And here are beans and peas, too."

"Are they seeds?" asked Helen.

"Yes," said Mother, "all of them. Here are some raisins—we can get seeds out of them. And if I give you a few nuts, do you think that you could get the meats out without breaking them? They would grow if you could do that."

"Let me try," said Harry, reaching for the hammer.

"Would coffee grow, Mother?" asked Helen. "Is that a seed?"

"Yes, but that has been roasted, so it wouldn't grow. But I'll give you an orange, and you may each eat half. The seeds of that will grow, and perhaps you will have a little orange tree."

"Here are the nuts," said Harry. "I didn't break the meats at all."

Mother took the seeds in her hand, and then led Helen and Harry back to the dining-room and gave them an orange. When they had finished eating it, they laid the orange seeds with all the other seeds on a tray, and Mother brought in a big bowl almost full

of water. In her hand she held a piece of cotton.

"Now," said Mother, "watch and see how we make an indoor garden."

She spread a piece of the cotton out over the water in the bowl and patted it down until it was quite damp. Then she showed Helen and Harry how to lay the seeds upon it, very carefully, so that it should not sink too deep into the water. When all the seeds were laid out, she put a piece of cotton over them.

"Now we'll put it in a warm place," she said.

"Let's put it in the nursery," said Helen.

"Now," said Mother, as they put the bowl safely on the nursery table, "there's your garden! You can come and look at it whenever you like, and see how the seeds are getting on. Only be sure to cover them again whenever you look at them, for they must be wet and warm if you want them to grow. If they get cold they will die."

"Are they sprouting yet?" asked Harry.

"No, they won't sprout for a few days. But pretty soon you will see a little green shoot come out of the seeds, and grow down into the water, and another will grow up into the air. When they are pretty big, we will ask Father to let us buy a flower pot or two, and we will save all the plants that live, and set them in the yard later in the spring."

Sure enough, in a few days Helen found a little shoot growing out of one of the beans, just as Mother had said. In a day or two more, some of the other seeds began to send up shoots, and a little later several were doing so well that Father bought Helen and Harry some flower pots and showed them how to set the seeds out in them. Some of them died in the pots because they had been transplanted before they were strong enough to move out of the cotton gardens; but Helen and Harry raised an orange tree and a chestnut tree, which they planted in the yard when the warm weather came, and which thrived and grew.





They appeal to the child's **PLAY INSTINCT**  
They appeal to his **CONSTRUCTIVE INSTINCT**  
They appeal to his **HOME-MAKING INSTINCT**  
They **DRAMATIZE THE SPIRIT OF LINCOLN**  
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761 N. Wells St., Chicago

Please mail at ☐ LINCOLN LOGS  
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Enclosed is one dollar for each toy ordered as above shown. It is understood that you will refund the money if for any reason I should wish to return the toys after five days. Send the toys to:

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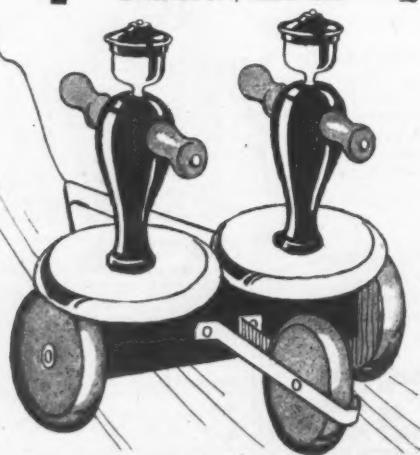
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THE TOY TINKERS  
EVANSTON, ILLINOIS



## THE LAST BEANSTALK

(Continued from Page 165)

that way. "Huh" is a habit, isn't it? I won't say it again, ever. But I don't know about eating folks.

JACK: Just as much as always eating lollipops is.

SUSAN (explaining): That's the habit I've got.

OBOE: What's a lollipop like, then?

SUSAN: Well, in the first place they're yum-jummy. Pepperminty, and orangey, and lemony—

OBOE: Stop. That's enough. I'll trade habits with you.

SUSAN: And not eat boys and girls any more, and let us go home, only we'll come to see you sometimes.

JACK (businesslike): And shake hands on it?

OBOE (shaking their hands): There, now I've got the lollipop habit. . . But no, I'd have to have the lollipops first. And maybe there aren't any.

SUSAN: We'd go and get you some down in the store on the corner, and bring them back, and—

OBOE: No! I haven't got the lollipop habit any more, but I have got you, and I won't let you go.

SUSAN: But you haven't got the boy and girl eating habit any more, so we won't do you any good.

OBOE: I guess you're right. If I tried to eat you I'd have the habit all over again, and you've got that now. Just the same, I could cook you and eat some of the soup, and nobody ever gets a habit to eat soup. Yes, I think I'll keep you here, until we can catch a lollipop, anyhow, and—

ABOE (excitedly and pointing to window): Wh—what is that?

[A lollipop tree, without leaves, and covered with lollipops of all colors tied to the twigs, is now seen growing up past the window.]

SUSAN: Why, it's a lollipop tree.

JACK: And now we're free!

THE REST (devouring lollipops): And we've got the lollipop habit now, you see!

[The BEAN-PICKSIES enter. A pleasing effect can be got by dressing them in vari-colored and striped skirts, flounced wide and brought in at the bottom, lollipop shaped. They carry baskets.]

CHORUS (singing and with a simple dance step):

Won't you tell us, Mr. Giant,

Where the lollipops grow?

Where to fill our pretty baskets,

Fill them—high (motioning)—just so!

OBOE and OTHERS (joining in singing and dancing):

Little Lollipoppooses glowing,

Fill your baskets up ahead (pointing)—

Why—the tree has stopped agrowing—

Just suppose it 'd gone to sleep!

[OBOE whistles, and the BEANSTALK GUARD enter, each with a garden sprinkler.]

THE GUARD:

We're the Beanstalk Guardeneers—

—No, not "Jardiniers"—

[They sprinkle the lollipop tree from the window as they pass, in step, and the tree suddenly starts to grow again, jerkily this time.]

ALL (dancing):

Now there'll be for all enough,

When the tree grows tall enough,

Up to our chins (pointing)—no, pardon, ears.

CURTAIN]



## It will take but a minute to write for this Catalog

**T**HIS little catalog, "Books for Children and Guide for Selection," will show you how to fill your children's hearts with delight. For it lists a complete library of books for them. Such fine stories they are, in such pretty dress, filled with lovable and laughable tales to meet the moods of little tots and older boys and girls.

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# What Have You Planned For Your Child's Vacation?



## Daily Program

- 7:00 Bugle
- 7:05 Dip—optional
- 7:30 Breakfast
- 8:00 Camp duties
- 9:00—12:00 Games, sports, dancing, boating, hikes, tennis, volley ball, etc.
- 12:30 Dinner
- 1:30—2:30 Quiet hour
- 2:30—3:30 Arts and crafts
- 3:30—4:30 Free play
- 4:30 Swimming
- 5:30 Supper
- 6:00 Special program as boating, camp fire, marshmallow roast, singing, story-telling
- 7:30 Bed time
- 8:00 Silence—All asleep

**H**AVE you made plans for the care of your child during the coming summer when you leave on your own vacation? Have you made arrangements so that he will have proper nourishment, sufficient rest and supervised plan so that he will not over-exert and over-heat himself in the hot summer months?

Noted educators have discovered that children, as well as grown-ups, are greatly benefited by spending the summer months away from the rush and stifling heat of the city; that under correct supervision at camp they will gain slowly but steadily every week and retain their vitality.

## Health and Happiness Camp for Girls and Boys

Orchard Hill Camp is situated in northern Illinois, forty miles west of Chicago, and two miles above the romantic city of old St. Charles, on an ideal rolling slope comprising about thirty-five acres. The grounds run down to the beautiful Fox River forming a beach which is one of the best and safest for children learning to swim.

Orchard Hill Camp is under the personal supervision of Dr. Edith B. Lowry who has made a detailed study of the nutritional problems of childhood, and has for the last few years worked with the United States Public Health Service as a specialist in child health activities. She makes it a rule to know the physical condition of each child in camp daily and gives her personal attention to any minor illness, cuts or bruises.

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St. Charles, Ill.



## WHO AM I?

By Dr. EMMETT DUNN ANGELL—"The Play Man"

OH, I HOPE he doesn't do it!" grumbled Jack. Bert nodded his head in token of agreement. "But I guess it's pretty hard not to when they want him so much," he added.

"What terrible thing has happened to make you boys look so gloomy?" questioned Mrs. Randolph, as she came in the room and found the boys unusually serious.

"It isn't exactly terrible, mother," replied Jack, "but if Toppo goes away I don't know what our bunch will do."

"Toppo going away? Why, I hadn't heard that he was leaving! Has anything happened?"

"Bert and I were just up at his house. There was a big man there. He was just leaving and Toppo said he would let him know in a week. Then when this man—his name was Mr. Booter—was gone Toppo told us all about it. They want him back with the circus and so they sent Mr. Booter to try and get him back."

"Toppo told him he was too old and Mr. Booter said that was all nonsense—that he was just as good as he ever was and that he was the funniest of all circus clowns and everybody knew he was," added Bert.

"And he is going to let them know in a

week. Gee, I hope he stays here," said Jack, with a sincerity that was real.

When Carol and Elizabeth learned that perhaps Toppo would leave them they were as downcast as their brothers, and Mary Emily said she would just cry her eyes out if Toppo went away. The boys and girls at school felt the impending loss of Toppo just as keenly. There wasn't any other citizen of their town who had so completely won the affection of the children as had the funny little clown who had made his home in their village since his retirement from circus life. He had been famous as a fun-maker and now in the free hours from his toy-making he found real delight in teaching his young friends wonderful games. He knew all of the old games, and seemingly an inexhaustible supply of games that were new.

They didn't want him to go back to the circus. They wanted him right there as a friend and advisor. In every home the most talked of topic was Toppo and the possibility of losing him.

That was very likely the reason that the minister in the little church thought it would be a very good time to have a party with Toppo as the honored guest. It was a very proud Mary Emily who was chosen to take

the invitation to their friend. Of course she permitted Carol and Elizabeth to go with her. Toppo laid down the paint brush, with which he had been putting stripes on a toy zebra, and greeted his little friends.

"You bet I will come—that is, if you have good things to eat!" he chuckled.

"We shall—lots of good things if you will teach us a game," Mary Emily bargained.

"That's a go," said Toppo. "A game from me and good 'eats' from you!"

It was a fine party. The "eats" demanded by Toppo were really good, for ice cream when there is a plentiful supply of chocolate, vanilla, and strawberry, backed up by the kind of cake that mothers in little villages can make should satisfy even the world's greatest clown. And it did, for Toppo said

nothing could have been nicer, and to be sure that no one could be offended, he said that he would have to try at least a little bit of every kind of cake.

The new game that he taught them was called "Who am I?" The children were divided into two teams. One team sat on

the floor at one end of the Sunday school room and the other team sat on the floor at the opposite end. Each team was provided with a blanket.

"Now this game is called 'Who am I?'"

explained their guest, "It is a game of strategy and is a dandy game to remember and play some night when you are in camp around a fire. You see we have two teams. One

player from each team will stand up and hold the blanket so that it hides the team from view. The one holding the blanket will nod to some member of his team. The one selected will creep up and take hold of the corners of the blanket. The one who selected him will then sit down with his team. Now we have two players, each protected from the view

of the other by the blanket. The object of the game is for these two players to advance and try to discover who the other is. The one who calls the other's name first wins a point for his team."

The game started. Jack was captain of one team and Bert had charge of the other.







Jack nodded to Mary Emily and she crept up and took the blanket from his hands. Bert selected Slim Foster for the first adventurer shielded by a blanket. Of course all of the players, except the two who started toward each other, could see everything and it was laughable to watch their two representatives try to outwit each other. Slim did his best but Mary Emily was a clever little pussy footer and she got around and shouted, "*Slim Foster!*" before he could see her and won the first point for her team. Then Slim and Mary Emily selected the next two and the game continued.

They played for fifteen points and when the first game ended they played another. As the play continued they developed all sorts of clever devices to outwit the opponents. Tall boys or girls would bend their knees and seem small, and little ones would hold

the blanket high and appear tall. Bert discovered that by moving fast he could circle around behind his opponent and call his name before he awoke to his danger.

The party had to end and all of Toppo's friends crowded around and begged him not to go away.

"Of course, it's great to be in a circus," protested Bert, "but we want you here and I don't know what we will do if you go away."

"You are a great bunch of kids," Toppo replied, "and I have been very happy here and I wish that I could tell you that I would be here always. But you youngsters don't know what the smell of the sawdust and the blare of the calliope mean to an old circus man. Anyway, I won't know until next week, and then I'll tell all of you as soon as I know."

## THE MARCH WIND IS A BROOM

MAE NORTON MORRIS

**T**HE WIND is like a great big broom  
That sweeps the earth in Spring,  
When dust and dry leaves must make room  
For every growing thing.

So blow, wind, blow, and sweep away,  
Until the ground is clean,  
For we are watching everyday,  
To see small leaves of green!





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# Fables in Fabric

By Ruby Short McKim

## THE FABRIC

"SOUR GRAPES" has little chance in this series, because we've arranged a pattern service—that lovely transfer kind—so that you can stamp the fox and the grapes right onto the materials by pressing with a hot iron. This time the transfer sheet supplies patterns for applique stamping four bunches of grapes and two foxes. That is enough for the nursery curtains, and for a dress like the little shy sister's or for romper or apron if you wish. The frock shown is of apricot colored Japanese crepe, with crepe applique, brown for Mr. Fox, violet for the grapes, (and cuff on bloomers), a green patch leaf and embroidered green tendril. We will send you these patterns ready to transfer if you will send fifteen cents in stamps. CHILD LIFE, 536 So. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.



## THE FABLE

A FOX one day saw a beautiful bunch of grapes hanging from a vine, and in his greedy way he jumped to get them, but they were too high up and he fell far short of reaching them. The next time he took a running leap, but he again failed to reach the luscious grapes.

So he sat down on the ground and looked enviously up at the grapes, and planned how he could get them. At last he gave up in disgust.

"What a fool am I," he said. "It is not worth my while to try, for the grapes are sour and not so ripe as I thought they were."

There are many who pretend to despise and belittle that which is beyond their reach.







## An old magazine and a box of "Crayola" Crayons

*In these two your child will find  
amusement for a whole afternoon*

**H**OW many times have you longed for something that would keep the children busy an hour or two? Something that it would be safe to leave them with—something that would be certain to keep them happy?

The next time you are in a stationery or department store buy a box of "Crayola" Crayons. Keep them as a surprise until some day when other toys have failed to amuse, or when you want a few hours of quiet.

You will find that an old magazine and "Crayola" Crayons will keep the

children absorbed for hours at a time. For they arouse the desire to create, which every child has—and for which there are so few outlets in the average toy.

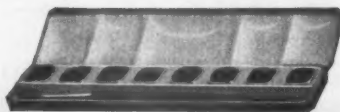
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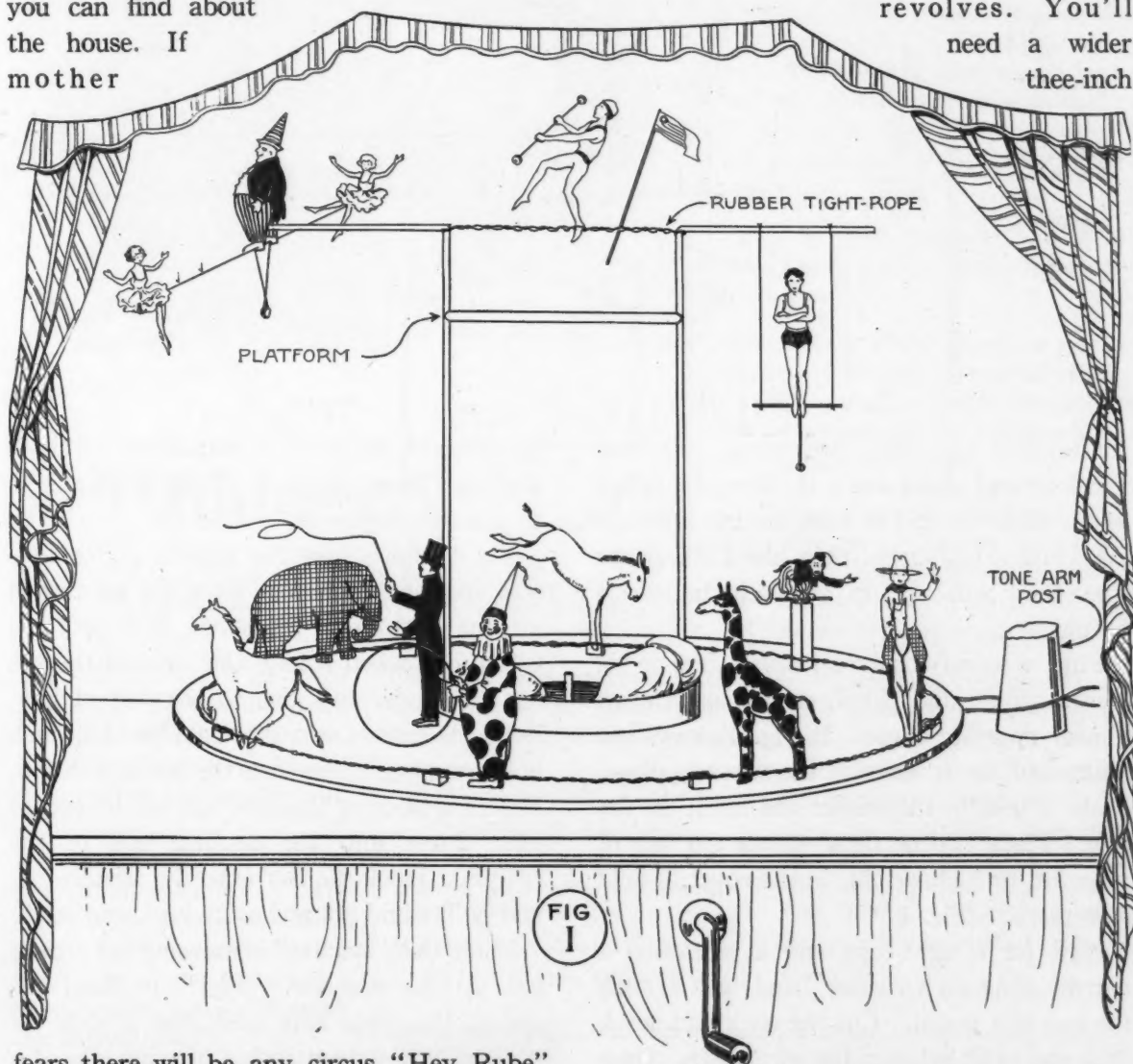
# CIRCUS-GO-ROUND

By ROLAND B. CUTLER

**B**IGGEST Show on Earth! One Ring Circus and Merry-Go-Round! Step lively please—right up to the phonograph some rainy day, a good circus day. The price of admission is working material you can find about the house. If mother

together about two inches from the edge, all around.

Now the turntable must be shifted into "low speed" so that the performers won't act as though they are crazy when the ring revolves. You'll need a wider three-inch



fears there will be any circus "Hey Rube" business, tie some sacking, or perhaps bunting, around the machine to protect it from glue, etc.

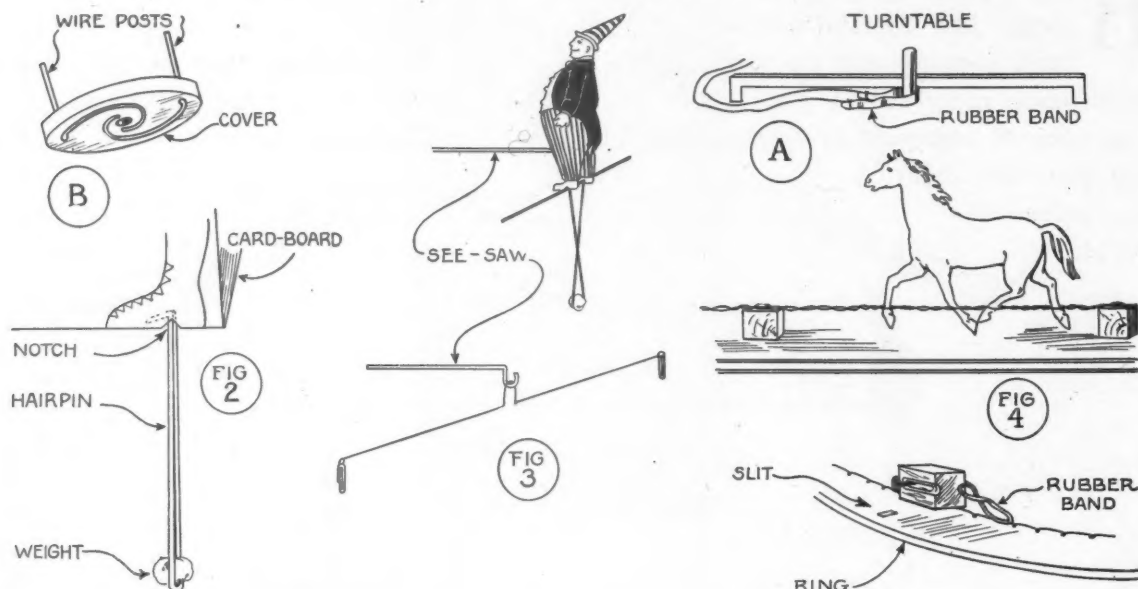
Two round cardboard pieces the same size make the ring, as large as you like or can use on the turntable. Perhaps you can use the bottom and lid of a hat box. Sew these

rubber band and two strings, each about a foot long. Cut the band, and tie an end of each string to the ends of the band. Slip this around the post under the turntable, (A Fig. 1). Bring the strings out around the tone-arm post ready to tie. Let the machine run, then draw up the strings until the turn-

table slows down to the speed you want your circus to "merry-go-round" and tie.

Make a hole in the center of the ring and set it on the turntable. For the posts in the

seven-inch trapeze, (Fig. 1.) Make this with three inches of a hairpin and string, and you're ready for the first performer. If you don't want to draw, paint, and dress up your



center, you will need two wires, each two feet long and about twice the size of a pencil lead. Bend an end of each around a water-glass into a half-circle, then like a corner, so that they will set up on their half-circle bottoms.

Find a round cardboard cover, five or six inches across, and punch each wire through it near opposite edges. B Fig. 1 shows the bottom of the cover with the wires in place. Make a hole in the center and set it on the ring. Place two or three stones the size of your fist, or such weight, in the cover to hold it in place. (Fig. 1.)

Now for a tight-rope and a platform—a narrow three-inch rubber band and a stick the size of a pencil. Cut the stick and notch each end to fit between the wire posts. Over one post, slip the band, twist it eight or ten times and slip over the other post. Slide this down to fifteen inches above the ring. Fix the notched platform between the posts three or four inches below the band.

Bend the upper ends of the posts out level with the tight-rope and from one hang a

figures, look for them in magazines, catalogs, and the "funny papers." Paste or glue them to cut-out cardboard.

Fig. 2 shows how the trapeze performer's feet are made. Double over the cardboard for the bottom of his shoes, and cut out. Cut the notched instep, sew around the toe for shoe-laces, and glue to the rest of him. Bend the ends of a long hairpin into half-inch hooks and insert them into the notch as shown. Wedge a piece of lead the size of the end of your finger into the doubled end of the hairpin. Hook the feet onto the trapeze bar and he'll stand up, and sway back and forth.

While this "stunter" is amusing the crowd, put up the sew-saw. (Fig. 3.) Bend the end of the other wire post into a hook for the see-saw, sixteen inches of wire, size of a pencil lead. Over the hook, double this wire at its center for one inch, then bend each end out straight like a coat hanger. Bend each end into a hook to hold a paper clip for a figure to sit in.

Make the same kind of a weighted hairpin "jigger" that you did for the trapeze, but





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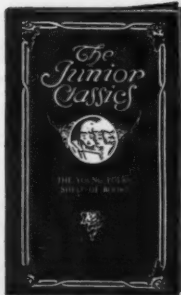
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crossed to hook onto the center, as shown. Now, or perhaps later, you'll want a fat man or some figure to stand on this and balance the see-saw. Fix this in place as you did the trapeze man. Wonder how "Pop Katzenjammer" and his two little "cut-ups" would look see-sawing?

Put the foot of an acrobat in one of the twists of the tight rope and see if he can keep his balance.

Now take a "header" into a life-net and see what you can do on the ring. First, you have a ringmaster to boss things. Make him well dressed, with a stovepipe hat. Pin a whip to his hand, a darning needle with a piece of shoe lace in the eye.

Fix this gentleman at the edge of the cardboard cover or glue him to a support such as the inch cube of wood shown in Fig. 4. Tack the end of a paper clip to one side, for the bottom. Cut a slit in the top cardboard of the ring where you want the ringmaster to stand, and insert the clip into the slit.

Fig. 4 also shows how the performance is made to circle the ring on rubber bands. You'll need eight of the inch wooden cubes, sixteen paper clips, eight narrow three-inch rubber bands. To each cube, tack the bottom clip. Tack the center of another clip to the

opposite side, the top. Fix these in slits near the edge of the ring and the same distance apart, all around.

Slip a band into the top clip of a cube, twist it several times as you did for the tight rope, then slip it onto the next cube's clip. Connect up all the cubes in this way. Set the legs or supports of your figures in the twists of the bands, as shown. Stick a pin into the ring against a figure if it needs bracing. This ring performance may be whatever you like—animals, clowns, soldiers, perhaps a chariot or an automobile race.

If you want a "big top," a doll's sunshade is just the thing. Slip the handle through the tight rope and brace the handle end in the cover below.

After a show is over, untie the strings around the tone-arm post and place the "low speed shift" on the ring. Then the whole outfit can be lifted off the turntable and set away for another circus day.

There is no limit to the performing of this Circus-Go-Round. Every time you set it up you'll discover new "stunts" to put on and in a short time you'll have a Mammoth Exhibition that will interest your friends, young and old. "Peanuts, popcorn, and pink lemonade right this way!"

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**M**Y MOTHER says she's proved it true  
It never pays to fret and cry.  
No matter what you have to do,  
There's something you can glorify.

And, even in darning, you'll agree,  
I'm sure, that she is right indeed.  
Just think how happy I should be  
That I am not a centipede!





## ***Mothers:—Children are Happy when They're Comfortable***

**A** CHILD'S Underwear has much to do with its physical comfort, health and growth.

"M" Garments assure comfort to the wearer. Made of fine quality fabrics, sized to fit comfortably and carefully finished.

Every underwear need for babies to children 16 years is made under the "M" trademark.

"M" Diaper-Supporting Bands for the 3-cornered or oblong diaper.

"M" Infants Shirts in foldover and buttoned styles.

"M" Waist Union Suits for girls and boys—knit and woven fabrics.

"M" Waists for children in knit and woven fabrics.

Many other styles in plain Union Suits and separate garments that will appeal to your sensible judgment as to what is best in underwear for your children.

Be sure to ask for "M" Garments at your dry goods store, when you shop for your children's underwear. Look for the red "M" trademark. It's a sign of certain satisfaction for quality, comfort and economy.

***Children Outgrow Them—But Do Not Outwear Them***

**Minneapolis Knitting Works**  
Minneapolis, Minn.



*The Perfect Underwear for Children*



## ODD OR EVEN

By ALICE A. KEEN

**T**WO people play this game and you use beans. Each person starts with ten beans in his pocket. The one who goes first puts his hand in and takes out either one or two beans and holds them in his closed fist. He says to the other: "Odd or even?" meaning, "Have I one bean in my hand which is an odd number, or have I two beans which is an even number?" Now, if the other guesses *right*, he gets the beans and then it is his turn. But if he guesses *wrong*, then the first one says: "Give me one to make it even," or "Give me one to make it odd," whichever the case may be. Then the other has to hand over one bean and the first person gets another turn. He keeps on having turns until the other finally guesses right and then, of course, he has to let the other have his turn at it. The one who gets all the beans away from the other wins the game.

This game may be very exciting for sometimes one will *almost* lose and then begin getting his beans back again.

You can use more beans if you want a longer game.



## WHERE AM I?

By ALICE A. KEEN

**W**HEN you grow tired of regular games, here is something to do. Two people can play together or there may be more.

Choose some one to be "it." Stand him in the middle of the room and tell him to take a good look around to see just where he is. Then blindfold him. Turn him around three times, take him by the hand or arm and lead him about through the rooms, turning him this way and that so as to mix him up just as much as you can.

After a little while bring him to a standstill and ask him to guess which room he is in. He will scarcely, if ever, be able to say the right room.

When your turn comes to be "it," keep your ears open for every little sound and notice how the things feel that you touch in passing. Then, perhaps, you will be able, by these little signs, to guess right. But, anyway, when they take the blind off your eyes, everything will look very queer and bright and startling.

## TIMOTHY'S QUEST

(Continued from page 168)

willing to adopt Lady Gay but that no one wants Timothy. Our little knight hears this, and decides to go away.

The next morning Timothy quietly slips out of the house. Lady Gay is lonely and she finds her next best friend Jabe Slocum, in a field of daisies. She picks great armfuls and when Miss Alvida Cummins comes toward them, Lady Gay invites her to sit in the grass so that she may place some of the daisies in her lovely smooth snow-white hair. You can hardly imagine how those daisies change Miss Alvida Cummins. She becomes beautiful and her eyes look happy as she feels the baby fingers against her hair and cheeks, and I am sure that then and there she knows that she can never give up the little girl.

As evening grows into night, Timothy cannot be found. But they do find a little note from him telling everyone to take good care of Lady Gay and sending his love and a kiss for Gay, for Samantha, for Jabe, and for "Miss Vilder" as he calls her. Do you know what Miss Alvida Cummins does? Why, she has Jabe hitch up Maria to the old buggy and with Jabe beside her and a lantern in her hand she goes on *her* quest to find our true little knight. As they drive along the winding road, Miss Alvida Cummins calls "Timothy! Timothy!" just as any other loving mother would, and suddenly they see little Rags running towards them as fast as his short little legs can carry him and they know that Timothy cannot be very far away. They follow Rags who barks and capers and wags his little stump of a tail as he leads them to the place in the woods where Timothy lies fast asleep.

If Timothy ever had a doubt about anyone loving him, you are sure that Miss Alvida's arms around him and Miss Alvida's cheeks against his tell him more than any words how much he is loved and how much she wants him for her very own boy.

Pictures through courtesy of  
AMERICAN RELEASING CORPORATION



## *Dolls For You To Dress*

**E**VERY little girl who has had Margaret Evans Price Dolls thinks they are about the nicest paper dolls made. We send them in a complete assortment. Twelve of them are twelve inches tall, mounted on heavy cardboard with easels. For each doll there are three hats, two dresses and a coat. There are also smaller dolls that may be cut out. The complete assortment, containing 34 possible combinations, sent postpaid for one dollar. Printed in four colors. If you are not delighted with them we will return your dollar.

**FISH-LYMAN COMPANY**

20 Cortland St., Rochester, N. Y.

---



*tell your daddy  
to come on out to*  
**California**  
*this winter*

*and be sure to come  
on the Santa Fe  
tell your daddy  
to mail this*

Mr. W. J. Black  
Pass. Traf. Mgr., Santa Fe System Lines  
1125. Railway Exchange, Chicago

Please mail to me following Santa Fe booklets:  
CALIFORNIA PICTURE BOOK  
GRAND CANYON OUTINGS  
FRED HARVEY MEAL SERVICE

Also details as to cost of trip.



## THE LITTLE ARBUTUS

PAULINE ADAMS

ONE morning in the spring  
When the snow was on the  
ground,  
Betty in the woodlands  
Was looking all around;  
Down among the fallen leaves  
She heard a tiny sound  
And there right before her  
What *do* you think she found?

A lovely little flower,  
All dressed in pink and white.  
And covered up so carefully  
It was almost out of sight;  
"How beautiful!" cried Betty,  
"You darling little thing!  
Were you there all the time,  
Waiting for the spring?"



## WIND

PERSIS M. OWEN

THE wind comes in my window  
cracks  
And sings a little song to me;  
It takes my bright, new yellow kite,  
And sends it high as I can see.

It makes my little sailboat go  
Across the lake to foreign shores,  
And then it sails right back to me,  
Full to the brim with precious  
stores.

So when the wind begins to blow  
I cannot see why grown folks say,  
With blackest frown and deepest  
sigh,  
"Oh dear, another horrid day!"



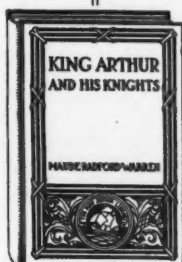
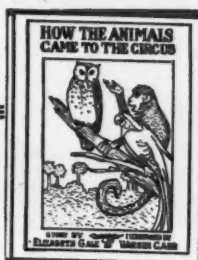
## A QUESTION

LULU G. PARKER

WHAT makes the strong March  
wind blow so?"

Asked little Dick McKinter;  
"Why Dicky, Dicky, don't you  
know,  
He blows away the winter!"





## FREE to CHILD LIFE Boys and Girls

**A**LL of these delightful books or any one of them. They are full of charming stories and are beautifully illustrated and you will read them over and over again.

Start a library all your own—here is an opportunity to start with six interesting books.

And all you have to do is to call on the mothers and fathers of your friends—tell them about CHILD LIFE and how much fun and real pleasure you get out of every copy and they will surely then want to subscribe for their boys and girls. Think of four, five or six boys and girls you know who would like to have CHILD LIFE and then get their subscriptions.

For just one subscription sent with a check or money order we will give you one book—two subscriptions two books, three subscriptions three books, four subscriptions four books, five subscriptions five books, and for six subscriptions six books.

The above books are described as follows:

**How the Animals Came to the Circus.** Elizabeth Gale. Seven spirited stories tell how eight animals in a menagerie found their way from the jungle, the desert, and the polar ice fields into cages under a tent. Ten full pages in color.

**King Arthur and His Knights.** Maude Radford Warren. Stories of the Round Table, of brave and generous deeds, these tales not only acquaint the reader with the age of chivalry, and what it meant in honor, deference to women, and knightly daring, but as romantic stories, they give him, besides, the keenest delight. Eight full-page color plates by Walter J. Enright and J. Allen St. John.

**Hero Stories From the Old Testament.** Seymour Loveland. In this book, the author, with a reverent feeling for her subject and a natural gift for story-telling, has retold in a style that takes the strongest sort of hold on the mind of the reader.

**The Merry-makers.** Louise Ayres Garnett. Gay adventures of Mother Goose characters in rollicking verse. Pictures in colors. Square, large size.

**Early Candlelight Stories.** Stella C. Sheller. Clever little stories of life in the country sixty or more years ago, told by an old lady to her up-to-date little grandchildren in whose pretty modern home she is spending the winter. "Life must have been very dull in Grandma's day," thought the children, but in the nightly story that she tells them for many weeks they discover that her life in the open was full of such experiences as they had never known. Illustrated with eight full pages in color and about twenty in black and white by Dorothy Lake Gregory.

**A Child's Garden of Verses.** Robert Louis Stevenson. In child outlook these verses are without equal. So fresh in thought are they, so delicately expressed, that they are loved by all children and considered by parents indispensable to the nursery bookshelf. Beautifully illustrated in colors and black and white by Maud Hunt Squire and E. Mars.

Send in your subscriptions and tell us the books you wish us to send you.

**RAND McNALLY & COMPANY**  
536 S. Clark Street  
CHICAGO

CHILD LIFE, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago

Enclosed find \$.....to cover.....subscriptions to be sent to the names and addresses plainly written on attached sheet.

You may send the following books to me.

Name.....

Address.....

# YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

Designed by LAURA VALENTINE. With Patterns



THE Toddle Twins are joining your paper dolls. These are the first twins you have had, but they will "toddle along" wherever you go. Timmy Toddle has a very stylish suit. No. 4170 has large pockets in the knickers where Timmy likes to carry all sorts of things, and stylish inserted pockets in the coat. Here it is of linen embroidered in a darning stitch all around and Tilly Toddle has a lovely linen dress with sleeves that match Timmy's. No. 4189 is hers and it is embroidered, too, in either silk or wool yarn. It comes in sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10

years, and the boy's suit, No. 4170, in 2, 3, 4, and 5 years.

If I were Mother, I'd get blue linene or linen or gingham and chambray and make two just alike for brother and sister.

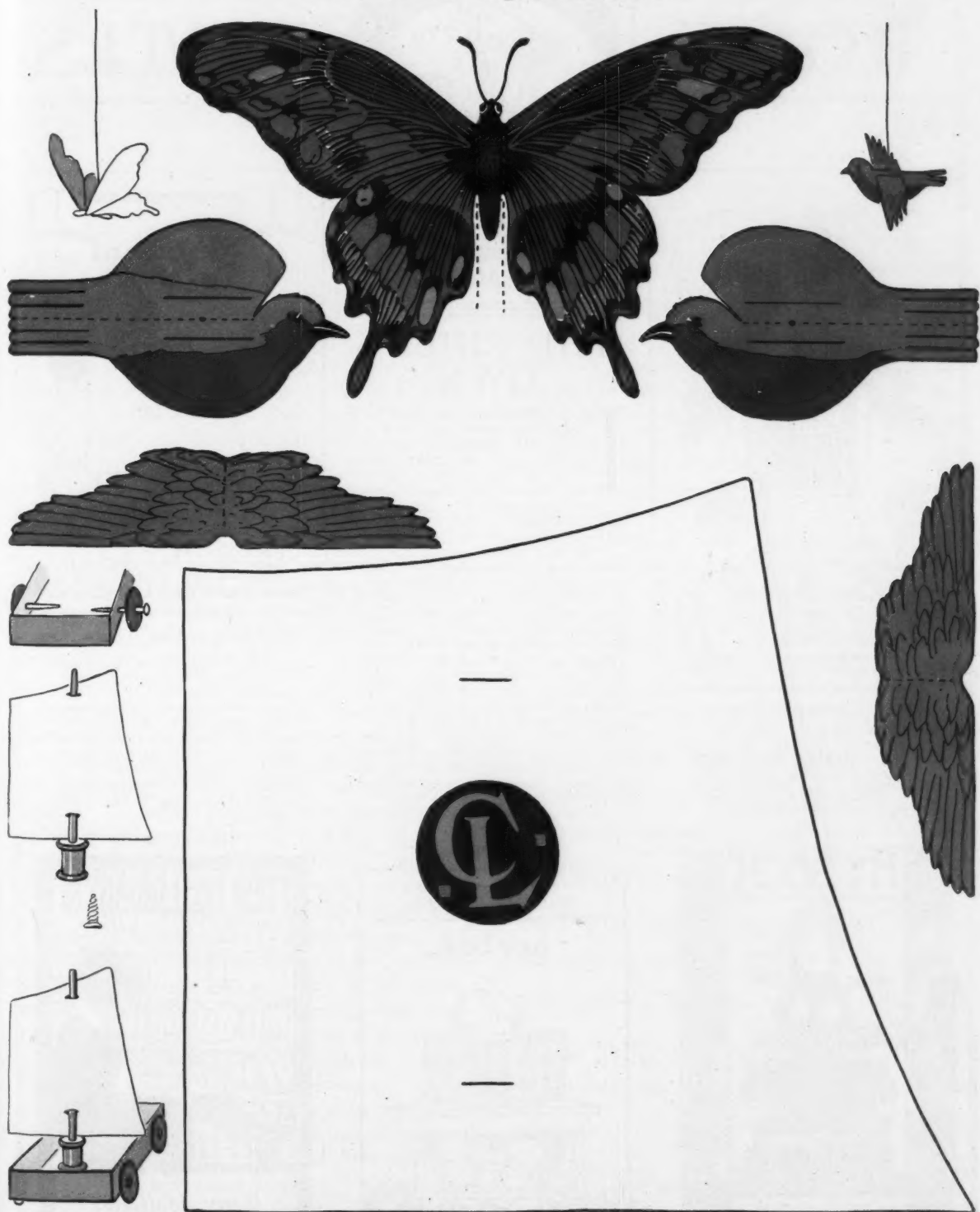
Miss Valentine is always glad to answer any questions Mother may care to ask her if she will send a stamped self-addressed envelope to CHILD LIFE magazine, care of Rand McNally & Company, 536 So. Clark Street, Chicago.

All patterns are 20 cents.

Order our new quarterly fashion booklet; 25 cents

# MARCH WIND TOYS

*Elinor d'Albert*



## DIRECTIONS

TO MAKE the birds, first cut the two slits on the back, then take a needle full of black thread, with a large knot at the end of it, and pull it up through the black dot on the back. Fold down on the dotted line, and carefully put the wings through the slits. Hang them in the window or doorway, and let them blow in the wind.

Fold the butterfly's wings up slightly on the dotted lines and swing it also

on a black thread. To make the wind-car you will need four button molds, with a nail through each one, and an empty candy or spool box; better still, a piece of builder's board, for the nails slip into it easily, an empty spool to hold a twig or cheap lead pencil which is the mast, and a screw to push through the box and into the spool. By turning the sail on the screw as needed, you can tack with the wind. Mount the sail on white paper, if you have it, and then cut the two slits for the mast.



## BOOK

PLATE No. 1



## More About the Plates

These pictures show the actual size of book plates. The designs, by well-known artists for children, are beautifully printed on tinted Japanese vellum.

PLATE No. 4



536 S. Clark Street

PLATE No. 2



Robert McDonald

## THE CHILD'S OWN

IF ANYTHING can add to a child's joy in owning a book it is these two things: to have his family and playmates know about it, and to stamp his book indelibly with the sign manual of possession. The latter, as a rule, consists of writing his name all over the inside cover.

With this pride of ownership in mind, and to encourage the young reader not only to care for his books, but to begin early to build up a little library of his own, Rand McNally & Company have prepared the charming little book plates shown on this page.

At a glance, one can understand a child's delight in pasting on the inside cover of his book one of these hall marks of ownership—a card announcing to his world—"this book is mine."

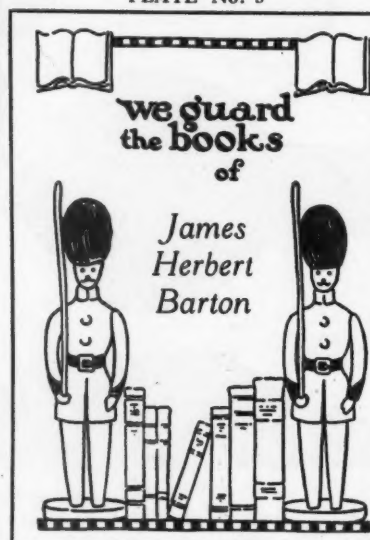
The plates encourage neatness. They do away with soiled pencil script and names scrawled much too large for the space. Besides giving to the child an individual design, each plate carries the name—entered at order—in clear, attractive type.

PLATE No. 5

Marjorie Murray  
her book

## PLATES

PLATE No. 3



## How to Get Them

100 of any one of the Book Plates with name printed in as ordered \$3.50, or \$5.50 with one year's subscription to the magazine, CHILD LIFE. If unprinted Book Plates are ordered the price is \$1.00 per 100 or \$4.00 with one year's subscription to CHILD LIFE. Subscription to CHILD LIFE alone is \$3.00 per year.

PLATE No. 6



Betty Hollister

RAND McNALLY &amp; COMPANY, Publishers

Chicago, Ill.



By AVIS FREEMAN MEIGS

Formerly Children's Librarian, Detroit Public Library  
Present School Librarian, Long Beach, California

IT IS fun, I think, to discover that people in Columbus' day wanted the same luxuries that people long for in 1923. They wanted more gold than they needed to make them comfortable, more land than was necessary for a cottage or a modest farm, and, queerest of all, some of the people wanted to remain young till doomsday. There was one man in particular, Ponce de Leon, who fairly fought old age. Try as he would, neither his will power nor his riches kept his hair from turning gray, and more and more Ponce de Leon worried about his lost youth.

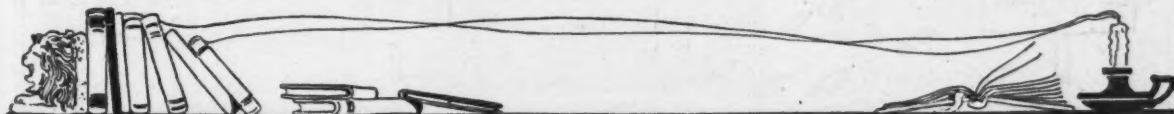
One day, while Ponce de Leon, was Governor of Porto Rico, an Indian told him of a magic fountain which restored youth to anyone who drank of its waters. This was welcome news to the old man and before long he had a ship equipped and was exploring the western islands for the Fountain of Youth. The rest of the story you will find in "Men Who Found America" and in several of the other books mentioned below. If you feel that Ponce de Leon did not discover precisely what he went after, at least remember that he discovered a land which has been called Paradise . . . a land where the air is soft and warm and where there are flowers the year around.

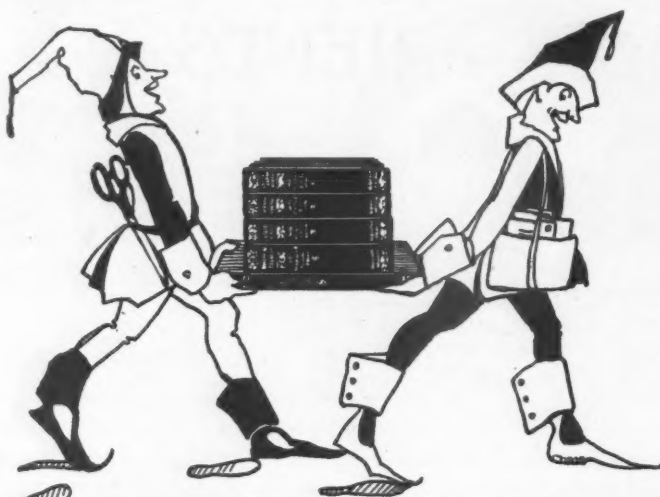
"The Man Who Could Not Die," in Lamprey's "Days of the Discoverers," is the story of a Spaniard who took great risks and knew no fear. Ojeda wore a sacred talisman in his doublet and this, he said, kept harm away. We remember Balboa as the man who went down to the sea and, when no one was looking, boarded a ship, crawled into an empty wine cask, pulled the lid down, and did not put in an appearance until he was well out to sea. The fashion in which Balboa thus escaped his debtors shows the kind of a man he was. He was cruel to the Indians who helped him discover the Pacific and the longer he lived the more cruel he became. For all his riches we think of him as being pretty poor for no one loved him.

So greedy were some of the Spaniards for gold that they forgot everything else. They truly believed that God had given the New World to them, and in their zeal to reach America they forgot the sailors' yarns about slimy sea monsters which followed ships and were the dread of all mortals. I wonder, when you have read about each one of the explorers, if you will decide that Hernando Cortés was one of the most interesting men of those times. As a boy he was a mischief maker and was a great problem to his family. And yet, perhaps it was that same spirit of adventure which made him finally run away from school and join the army, which brought him such experiences and such fame later on. When Cortés had grown to manhood and was on his way to the New World his ship was caught in a great storm. The sailors gave themselves up for lost until a white dove lighted on their topmast and then flew before the ship, guiding it inland until the ship reached the island of Hispaniola.

#### FROM THE NEW BOOKS

- |  |                  |
|--|------------------|
| Book of Discovery - - - - -                | J. M. Synge      |
| G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS                        |                  |
| Discoverers and Explorers - - - - -        | E. R. Shaw       |
| AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY                      |                  |
| Days of the Discoverers - - - - -          | L. Lamprey       |
| F. A. STOKES COMPANY                       |                  |
| Good Stories for Great Birthdays - - - - - | F. J. Olcott     |
| HOUGHTON MIFFLIN & CO.                     |                  |
| Men Who Found America - - - - -            | F. W. Hutchinson |
| BARSE & HOPKINS                            |                  |
| Stories of American Discoverers - - - - -  | Rose Lucio       |
| AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY                      |                  |
| Stories of Our Country - - - - -           | J. Johnnot       |
| AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY                      |                  |
| Story of Our Country - - - - -             | E. B. Smith      |
| G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS                        |                  |
| This Country of Ours - - - - -             | H. E. Marshall   |
| GEORGE H. DORAN CO.                        |                  |
| Treasure Finders - - - - -                 | Oliver Clay      |
| DUFFIELD & COMPANY                         |                  |





## "CLIP" and "MAIL" Will Bring You The Kindergarten CHILDREN'S HOUR

THESE two cheerful messengers of the coupon have a load of happiness for your children in the five helpful volumes of "The Kindergarten Children's Hour," and happier children mean a brighter home and less work and worry for you.

### Why They Give Happiness

Happiness lies in these five interesting books because they teach you children to make everyday materials into wonderful toys. In them they find games and amusements that give the hours wings—stories and quaint tales they love—talks on commonplace things that open their eyes to the wonderful world, and songs that tinkle with catchy music.

These, and a helpful mother book that gives you even keener insight into the mysterious realm of childhood, make up "The Kindergarten Children's Hour."

### How They Help You

You'll find more rest as the grumbling over nothing to do changes to the happiness of active hands and busy brains. You'll see the little minds develop as the fascinating plans unfold. You'll enjoy the luxury of shifting part of your load upon the experienced shoulders of Lucy Wheelock, head of the *Wheelock Training School for Kindergartners*, and a recognized authority and leader in the kindergarten world, who is the editor of the "Kindergarten Children's Hour." If your children cannot attend kindergarten, you'll find these books take its place. If in kindergarten, these books will smooth their way and help their progress.

### The Aid They Hold

Here is the help and the all year around happiness you find in the five generous volumes—

Volume 1. 130 stories selected by experts as the best for little children.

Vol. 2. How to make *hundreds* of wonderful toys from materials that cost little or nothing.

Vol. 3. How to tell children, in a charming way, about everyday things and how to answer their constant stream of questions.

Vol. 4. 35 problems of child training, explained to mothers with loving and helpful sympathy.

Vol. 5. 135 songs, with music, that are proven favorites of a thousand kindergartens.

You and your children need these books and you can have them for examination without it costing you a cent.

### SEND NO MONEY

Return the coupon, the little house of Clip and Mail, today and the five big volumes, bound in cloth and printed in clear type on good paper, will be sent you at once, prepaid. Examine them and if you are not absolutely satisfied that they will make your children happier and lighten your work, return them at our expense. But if you find they will help you, as they have helped hundreds of other mothers, then send either \$2.50 and pay \$2.00 per month for the next five months, or \$11.88 in full payment.

Don't delay. Send in the coupon below right now to

### HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

2a Park Street  
BOSTON, MASS.

1 SECOND  
TO  
CLIP AND MAIL

CLIP  
AND  
MAIL

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY  
Private Library Dept.  
2a Park Street, Boston, Mass.

Please send me the five volumes of THE KINDERGARTEN CHILDREN'S HOUR. If satisfactory I will pay \$2.50 within seven days after receipt of the books, and \$2.00 a month thereafter for five months; or \$11.88 within seven days after receipt of the books, if I pay in full.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....State.....

(3-1)





#### CLUB MOTTO:

*The only joy I keep is what I give away*

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers Club.

The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about it in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention.

For Joy Givers Club membership cards write to

ROSE WALDO, *Editor*

CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

536 S. CLARK STREET

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Dear Rose Waldo:

THERE are lots of nice things in the world but I think CHILD LIFE the nicest of them. I want to become a member of the Joy Givers' Club.

ALICE MARIAN HECHT

Age 8½ years Davenport, Ia.

#### BEDTIME THOUGHTS

I CAN not wait till daylight comes,  
Because it brings such fun to me;  
My friends will come to romp and play,  
And I'll be happy as can be.

First my lessons must be done—  
My music, numbers, reading—all.  
Then for outdoor games of joy,  
Hide and seek and playing ball!

ARTHUR L. FACHINATO

Age 7 years Canton, Mo.



ARTHUR L. FACHINATO

#### SPRING

IN springtime when the plants  
and flowers  
Start budding bright and fair.  
There's nothing like the fragrant  
scent  
That fills the balmy air.

The children running to and fro,  
With laughter and with shout,  
Hail the birds that in the air  
Are flying all about.

The grass is green, the air is fresh  
And everywhere you go  
You spy a cricket in the grass,  
That's running to and fro.

And, too, the gardening time is here.  
With shovel, spade and fork,  
Out to the garden all must go  
And all must get to work.

BETTY ALSTERLUND

Age 10 years

Moline, Ill.

Let's  
Go!



THERE'S a through train to Joytown scheduled to start the minute Mother steps up to the counter and says, in a firm, not-to-be-denied voice,

### "A Nelke Boy Please!"

Of course there is! There's a Nelke Boy and a Nelke Girl, and a—but say, there's the cutest little booklet ever you saw to tell you all about the whole Nelke Family! You'll come to THAT part in a minute!

Meanwhile—

Nelke Soft Dolls are REAL pals! They're soft ALL OVER—not a button to be swallowed or a pin to scratch! They're just the sort of playfellows Mother wants her kiddies to have—soft and cuddly, and safe, and LOVABLE!

That through train we spoke of—it just carries a load of happiness to every kiddie who becomes the proud mother—or father—of a Nelke Family, or any part of it. And (for Daddy's benefit) you'll find most members of the Nelke Family at leading toy, department, notion, drug, sporting goods, or hardware stores anywhere.

That booklet we spoke of about three paragraphs north—it's called "The World's Happiest Family." We'll be glad to send it without charge, on request. It's beautifully illustrated in full colors, and we believe you'll all enjoy seeing it.

*If your favorite shops haven't NELKE Dolls, mention their names and we'll try to arrange it so they can supply you in the future.*

**THE NELKE CORPORATION**  
10th and Norris Sts. Philadelphia, Pa.



## AWAKENING

THE flowers from the ground do peep,  
Awakening from their winter sleep.  
The bluebirds in the orchards sing,  
For it is spring, yes, lovely spring!  
The cardinal with coat so gay  
Goes flitting through the woods  
all day.

JEAN HOCH

Age 9 years

Marion, Kans.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I WANT to be a Joy Giver. Our cook's little boy wanted a gas balloon so bad. His mother did not have the money to buy him one, so I said to myself, "I have a gas balloon. I will give it to him." So I gave it to him. Oh! how proud he was. I wish you could have seen him. Oh! how he strutted. How glad he was to get it! I think it is more fun to give than to receive. I am glad I can be a Joy Giver.

Yours truly,

FRANK M. DURHAM  
Columbia, S. C.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I WOULD love to join the Joy Givers' Club, for I love to make joy for other children. I am going to tell you what I did for the crippled children at Christmas time. A letter came one day and in it was a new dollar bill. The man that sent it said that he had sent out one thousand dollars to one thousand people. He asked them to help the poor and crippled children for their Christmas. Daddy gave a dollar and so did I. So I helped, you see.

ELSIE BOWMAN

Age 10 years Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I JUST love to read CHILD LIFE. I am eleven years old. I love to write poems and stories. I like to read books, too.

I am sending in a story and hope it will be published in CHILD LIFE.

The Best Mattress is made  
Better by Using a

## Quilted Mattress Protector



"None genuine without Trade Mark"

IT'S like sleeping on air to sleep on a Quilted Protector. They are made of the finest materials money can buy.

Quilted in the Excelsior way that keeps them light, soft and fluffy even after long use and washing. Made in all sizes to fit all beds and cribs.

Because of their many features, they are especially suited to use on Baby's Crib. They protect the child as well as the mattress—save time and labor.

Endorsed by Physicians  
and Used by the best  
Families Who Know

See that Trade Mark is stitched  
in corner of every protector  
you purchase

Sold at all leading  
Department Stores

The Excelsior Quilting Co.

15 Laight Street  
New York City

I made this story all by myself.  
Here is the story:

### THE FISHERMAN

**K**AHAA was a poor fisherman who lived in Hawaii. His small grass hut was near the sea-shore. He owned a taro patch.

One day as he was working in his taro patch, he saw a herald. The herald shouted, "There will be a grand feast at the chief's house tonight. Everyone is welcome."

That night many people went to the chief's house and among them was Kahaa. First of all they beat the drums. Some dancers danced for the people. After that a feast was spread before them.

There was: poi, fish, taro, bread-fruit, berries, drink, roasted pig, fruits and roasted alae birds (mud hens). Soon they went back to their homes.

The roasted alae birds tasted so good that Kahaa longed for more. The next day as he was working in his taro patch, he spied some alae birds in a mud puddle at the end of his patch.

He ran after them. They were too quick for him. They ran into the woods near the taro patch and were soon out of sight. Kahaa was very angry. He went into the woods for several days trying to find the alae birds. Some of them saw him from their hiding places but he did not see them. One day he went into his canoe and sailed out into the ocean. He sailed to Cocoanut Island and went on shore. There he saw a large flock of alae birds.

"If you will leave us alone, you can have two wishes," they said.

"I will leave you alone," he answered. "My first wish is to be a mighty chief and the second wish is to be happy."

Kahaa found himself a mighty chief of Aahu and he was a cheerful man.

This is the end of my story.

I wish to join the Joy Givers' Club.

Sincerely yours,

INPUNG CHANG

Age 11 years Hilo, Hawaii.

# Climax

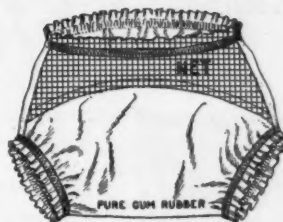
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## A VISIT

I WENT to see an ostrich farm. There were many big ones and also many babies. One ostrich was forty years old. Sometimes they live to be seventy-five years old. The keeper fed one some oranges which it swallowed whole, and I could see them going down its neck in a row.

PAUL R. WILLIAMS

Age 8 years Pasadena, Calif.

## BILLY AND HIS DOG

BILLY lived with his aunt and uncle in Vermont. His uncle owned a large farm in this state. Billy was only five years old. He had curly brown hair and big blue eyes that looked like saucers when he was surprised at anything.

One day when his aunt and uncle were away Billy got very tired of the big farm. Now Billy was a very ambitious little boy so he resolved to see what was outside of the big fence which enclosed the farm. So Billy and his dog trudged through the gate. Faithful was the name of Billy's dog.

As they were walking along they saw farmer Brown's horses tearing down the road. They were running away. Billy was very much frightened and did not know which way to go. Faithful seemed to know their danger, and in a flash he took hold of Billy's coveralls and threw him to the side of the road. Then he took hold of the horses' reins and stopped them from going into a barbed wire fence. When farmer Brown came running up, he was much surprised to find what Faithful had done. Then picking up the runaway Billy, he started home.

About a week after all this had happened farmer Brown offered to buy Faithful. But Billy loved Faithful too much, so he wouldn't sell him.

Billy's uncle was also very much pleased with Faithful and for a reward he gave him a nice black leather collar with gilt trimmings.

MARGUERITE COLBERT

Spokane, Wash.

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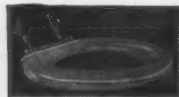


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View showing standard toilet seat before attaching Kiddie Toylette.



View of adult seat with cover removed, leaving hinge which held cover on seat. The Kiddie Toylette is attached to hinge in same manner as original cover.



View of Kiddie Toylette attached to adult seat. Folds back same as original cover.



View of Kiddie Toylette ready for use. Strap holds child securely.

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Juvenile Dept.

Rochester, N. Y.

## IF I WERE A BIRD

OH! I should like so much to fly,  
Way up into the blue, blue  
sky,  
And fly way over land and sea,  
And have the birdies talk to me.

I'd drink the dew out of the flowers,  
And sit among the trees for hours;  
I'd sing the sweetest song you've  
heard,  
And best of all I'd be a bird!

KATHERINE DEWESE

Age 9 years Toledo, Ohio

Dear Miss Waldo:

I ENJOY CHILD LIFE very  
much. I have a great many  
books. A number of them are  
published by Rand McNally &  
Company.

As this is the first poem I ever  
attempted to write I hope you will  
accept it and that I will see it in  
CHILD LIFE.

I like Plays and Pageants best  
of all things in CHILD LIFE.

Your friend,

HENRI PÈNE DU BOIS

## THE GOBLINS

SKIPPING and tripping the  
Goblins go,  
Over fields of green where the  
brooklets flow;  
Lanterns they carry in their hands,  
Dancing and prancing through all  
the lands.

Down in the valley they march in  
straight lines,  
Going to gather the jewels in the  
mines,  
Chop with their axes, and dig with  
their spades,  
Working and working while the  
evening sun fades.

Out of the mines skipping hand in  
hand,  
You ne'er saw a merrier, jollier  
band,  
Away, away to the Diamond Hall,  
Where the Goblin Queen holds her  
annual ball!

HENRI PÈNE DU BOIS

Rockville Center,  
Long Island, N. Y.

Age 10 years

The Samson  
Suspender Waist

Saves the Mother  
labor and expense  
Gives the Boy  
comfort and freedom

At the best shops

There is not the slightest need of ever sewing  
another underwaist button



THE straps of the Samson Suspender Waist are made  
of stout non-elastic material. Into this the buttons  
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The white straps in the illustration are best quality  
elastic. They yield with every movement and do not  
bind the body. Shoulder straps are adjustable as in  
a man's suspenders.

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superior to any fabric waist.

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75c	75c	\$1.00

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Bonnet at \$1.00.

The above merchandise can be purchased  
from your dealer, or remit direct and  
we will forward same POSTPAID.

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Hod Stand and Wheelbarrow

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The hod even has a tiny shoulder pad.

Sturdy construction, attractively painted. Hod alone, \$1.00 postpaid. Hod, stand, twenty miniature bricks and stout wheelbarrow, \$2.50 postpaid.

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This interesting little booklet contains charming designs and many suggestions and instructions regarding materials and patterns. Keep it on your sewing table—you will find it indispensable in planning your children's spring and summer clothes.

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## CHILD LIFE

PATTERN DEPARTMENT

536 S. Clark St. Chicago

## THE DISAPPEARANCE OF ALF

A GOOD many years ago, in the year 1860, a young boy lived in Scotland. His name was Alfred Baxter and he was sixteen years of age. He worked at a store called Dorough Store which was named after the owner, Thomas Dorough. He lived with his grandmother, a brother Ben, and sister Meg.

This incident occurred one late afternoon when Mr. Dorough said to Alf, "I am going away for a few weeks and I want you to take charge of the store."

"Why, I will be glad to," answered Alf.

As Alf was speaking a crash like thunder made the two men jump to their feet and run to the window. What they saw is nearly too horrible to describe. The dam had broken and the water came gushing forth right in the path of the store.

Alf rushed to the top of the building to see if his home was all right but he could not see, so he turned back. Just as he was ready to go down stairs the building was lifted off its foundation and whirled down the road, with the water from the dam gushing up against the first story window. Luckily for him he was on the fourth story. As the building sank lower, the water came up closer to the fourth story and Alf was obliged to climb to the roof.

Suddenly it began to rain. He floated down the river for about ten hours. In the meantime he became unconscious and went into a deep sleep.

When he awoke he found himself in a strange room. A lady was standing over him smiling down upon him.

"Where am I?" he burst out.

"You are in the home of kind folks who will take care of you," she said. "You were found in the water on a piece of board which was floating toward the land, but never you mind, we will care for you until you are able to return to your home."




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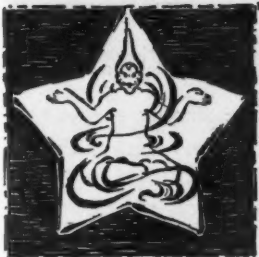
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By Eliza Buffington

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Colored pictures then you'll see,  
That are wondrously bright,  
Shining with a starry light.

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"What is your name?" she continued.

A sudden cloud came over him as he cried out, "I—I don't know." As he said this, he put his hand to his head and felt a bandage over his head. "Why, what is this?" he cried out in anguish.

"You must not talk so much. You had better rest," she answered sweetly.

She left him and he tried to go to sleep but could not because he tried to determine his name, but everything was a perfect blur.

When he became better he helped the lady by running errands for her. When he became entirely well he became acquainted with a boy about his own age. His name was Albert Newcomb. When they were introduced the lady, whose name was Jeromine Black, said, "This boy was found and as he can't remember his name we call him Herbert."

Nearly every day the boys went fishing and on one certain time they met a boy who looked familiar to Herbert and the boy thought the same of Herbert.

The little boy said, "I've seen ya before at Millersborough, when ya worked in the store thar."

"Oh, I can remember a little! What is your name and what is mine? Oh, tell me quick!" shouted Herbert.

"Why, my name is Milford Lowder and yours is Alfred Baxter."

"Oh, yes, and—and I have some relatives, have I not?" Alf said thoughtfully. "I can't remember."

"Yas, you have a grandmother and a brother and sister," replied Milford.

When Herbert arrived home that night he told about meeting the boy. It was little he slept that night and when morning came Miss Black told him to pack his few clothes and leave for his own home and she would go with him for a few days until things were straightened around.

The little home on the hill was the first thing he recognized, as he exclaimed, "Oh, here is my home and there is my brother out by the ash pile!"

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"Oh ho, old scout, how are you anyhow?" he shouted.

He (Ben) turned and as he came up he replied bewilderedly, "Hello, who are you?"

"Well, I am your brother Alf," responded Alf.

Just then Alf's grandmother came out and saw them.

"Oh-oh, where have you been these ten long years?" she sobbed.

"Yes, it has been a long time I'll admit, but you know I did not know anything about home until Milford Lowder told me who I was and all about you and home," said Alf.

"Bully for Mil," yelled Ben, tossing his cap in the air.

Then Alf related the whole story and he was called a hero although he had really done nothing great.

CATHERINE LISENBY  
Age 12 years Woodhull, Ill.

### THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL

THERE was a little girl  
Who was as good as she 'could be,

She had a little dog,  
Who went out riding with me.

ELISE-MARIE WHITEHEAD  
San Francisco, Calif.  
Age 4½ years

### THE RAINBOW

SEE the clouds as white as snow  
They bring rain and the rainbow;  
See their pretty colors, too,  
Red, and yellow, purple, blue!

LILLIAN TURNER  
Age 7½ years Tulsa, Okla.

### MR. AND MRS. ROBIN

GOOD-BY winter! Hello spring!  
Now the birds are on the wing.  
Mrs. Robin makes a home very snug  
While Mr. Robin looks for a bug.

Mr. Robin sings for cheer,  
"Spring is here! Spring is here!"  
Mr. Robin works all day long  
And cheers you with a song.

MAURICE ROCHE  
Age 9 years Chicago, Ill.

### FLU

I HAD a little dog,  
His name was Flu.  
I put him in a hollow log,  
And he ran clear through.

DWIGHT DE LAWTER  
Age 8 years Logansport, Ind.

### THE SEASONS

FATHER TIME sat on his  
high throne in the north forest.  
He was a stern old man with ways  
of his own. His wife, Mother  
Nature, was a happy old woman  
who loved the birds and flowers.

They had four children, named  
Spring, Summer, Autumn, and  
Winter. Spring and Autumn were  
girls. Winter and Summer were  
boys. They were all different  
types.

Spring loved to hear the birds  
sing their spring welcome to every-  
one. Summer loved to see the  
sun shine brightly upon the earth.  
Autumn loved to see the fruit  
hang from tree or vine. Winter  
loved to see the snow fall and to  
have Jack Frost come.

Now there was a little boy who  
was not happy. His name was  
Tom Little. He wanted to know  
where the seasons lived, so he  
said, "I will follow Winter," so  
just before Spring came, he followed  
Winter.

By and by, he came to a marble  
throne with four little thrones  
around it, and another beside it,  
and here he saw the seasons.

First came Spring. She was  
dressed in a light green dress with  
a cap to match. She knelt before  
her father, and he said, "Go, my  
daughter," and she went. Soon  
her three months were up and she  
came back.

Then came Summer in a dark  
green suit, with cap to match.  
He did as Spring did, and then  
Autumn who did as Spring and  
Summer did.

Then came Winter, who did his  
duty to the world, as the others  
had done. Then Tom went home  
and told his adventures to his  
mother and friends.

EVELYN EMERSON  
Age 9 years Kerrville, Tex.

### SPRING GREETING

THE breath of spring is in the  
air,  
The birds are singing everywhere.  
Bright dandelions now dot the  
lawn

Coming up to greet the dawn.

JANE LOUISE RANKIN  
Kansas City, Mo.  
Age 8½ years

Dear Miss Waldo:

I AM a little Canadian girl, but  
would love to join your Joy  
Givers' Club.

I have a little sister named Ruth  
and we love the CHILD LIFE  
magazine. We always read the  
letters and poems by the members  
of the Joy Givers' Club.

I am sending you a little poem.  
I hope you will publish it.

BETTY MEYNELL

### MY KITTEN

I HAVE a little kitten,  
She's grey, with fluffy fur,  
And when I hug and pat her  
She's always sure to purr.

I love her very dearly  
And I know she loves me, too;  
But if she scratches in her play  
I sometimes go, "Boo-hoo!"

BETTY MEYNELL  
Age 7 years Montreal, Canada

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I LIVE on an orange orchard in  
California. It is pretty to see  
the trees when the orange blossoms  
are on them. It is even prettier  
when the big golden balls are  
hanging on them.

On our loquat tree I found a  
tiny nest with two baby humming  
birds in it.

I have two goats which I fed  
from bottles for a month. They  
were always so happy to see me  
coming. I like CHILD LIFE maga-  
zine very much. I hope you will  
print this letter.

EUGENE FRAMBACH  
San Fernando, Calif.

# It's The Mother Who Decides

Many generations ago a wise man said: "Give me a child up to the age of ten and his future is made. I care not who has him after that."

**T**HE first ten years of a child's life belong to the mother. The first words a child speaks are her words. The first thoughts in the morning and the last thoughts at night are thoughts suggested by the mother.

No matter how great may be the loving interest of a father, he can never get as *close* to a child in those first tender years as the mother. The first answers to wondering questions, the first ideas of right and wrong, the first sympathy in pain or disappointment, the first cheers of approval for little things well done—all these come from the mother.

And those are the things that build character and shape the ideals of a life time. The students of psychology, the solemn professors who throw the cold light of science on human nature, will tell you that most of our tastes, our habits of mind, our tendencies toward success or failure—all the things that make up our personality—can be traced to the influences of our early childhood.

## The Fate of the World Is Decided in the Nursery

It is no exaggeration to say that the fate of the world is decided in the nursery. And yet the world has done very little in the past to help mothers meet this tremendous responsibility. True, a mother's instinct is the surest safeguard against mistakes. But every mother knows those moments when it seems so hard to decide what to do, when she feels, for instance, how much depends upon the answers she makes to her child's endless and eager questions.

There are thousands of books carefully prepared to help teachers in their work, to help college professors, to help those who train men and women for business or professions. But no such care has been devoted in the past to making books to help mothers.

The very name "children's book" so often suggests something superficial, exaggerated, inaccurate. How often have you heard people speak with disdain of a book, saying: "Oh, it's all right for children!"

Those people have never stopped to realize that children's books are the most



*"All that I am or hope to be I owe to my Angel Mother."*

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

important books in the world. There is only one kind of book that is "all right for children," and that is a book prepared with all the care and understanding of which human talent is capable. No book needs to be more accurate than the book which is put into a mother's hands for the use of her child. For the child will read that book in trusting faith, building from it the ideas and the ideals which will stick to the end of its life.

## The Answer to a Mother's Great Problem

It was with a keen sense of this great responsibility that Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia was planned and carried out. Begun at the end of the World War, when so many changes had come over the earth, it was completed last Spring.

Two great principles guided the making of it. It had to be so fascinatingly interesting that children would read it eagerly. And it had to be so accurate and complete that it would meet the highest standards of scholarship.

Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia is the first set of books ever published which combines these two principles.

This was because the publishers of Compton's discovered the secret of bringing together into close cooperation the expert authorities who *know the facts* and the talented writers who *know how to tell facts*.

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"As he approached within forty yards, 'Now is your chance.' Then the wicked 'crack' of the rifle, the snort and whirl of the great, gray, looming brute, and a second shot as he reached the willows, only to go down with a crash and sob his life out on the ground."—Page 79.

### Wild Animal Ways

"Another swing, a feint, and the Bear rushed in. Thud-thud-thud—went the huge paws. They staggered the Bear but did not down him. His white knives flashed with upward slash. As they recoiled apart, the Bear was bruised, but the Bear had half a dozen bleeding ribs."—Page 52.

### Woodland Tales

"When the leaves have fallen and before yet the Ice King is here, there come, for a little while, the calm dreamy days when the Great Spirit is smoking his pipe and the smoke is on the land. The Redmen call them the Smokey Days, but we call them Indian Summer."—Page 120.

### Two Little Savages

"The Fox sprang straight for the sleeper. Sleeping? Oh, no! Bunny was playing his own game. The moment the Fox leaped, he leaped with equal vigor the opposite way and out under his enemy, so Reynard landed on the empty bunch of grass."—page 354.

### Rolf in the Woods

"The buck made a furious lunge and Rolf went down. He was pinned at once, the fierce brute above him pressing on his chest, striving to bring its horns to bear. His only salvation had been that their wide spread gave his body room between."—Page 150.

### The Book of Woodcraft

"The old buffalo hunters had an established signal. Two shots in rapid succession, an interval of five seconds, then one shot. This means, 'Where are you?' The answer, exactly the same, means 'Here I am; what do you want?'"—Page 165.

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